Dagon

No. 7

INSIDE:

'FENLAND FOG' CoC Scenario.

Lovecraft — a Literary Anomaly.

Mythos comic strip.

De Vermis Mysteriis, and more.

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May/June 85

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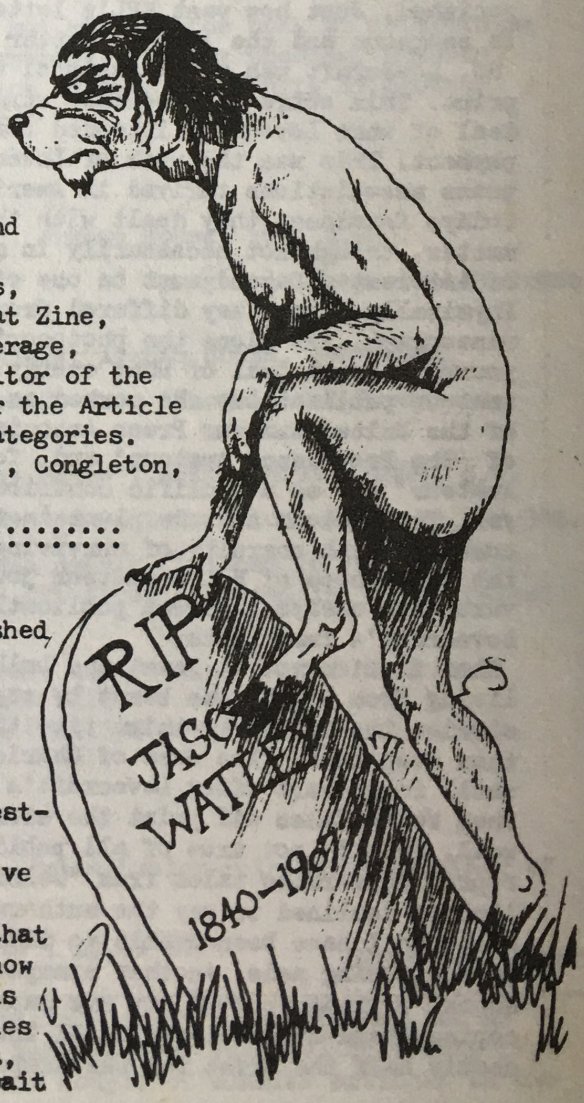
Editorial

Welcome to DAGON 7, now more goryous than ever before. As you can see, I have taken the plunge and reduced DAGON to A5 size, however the good news is, there are now 32 San stealing pages of eldritch lore for you Cthuloids craving for more insane renderings. With sales steadily rising I've put up the print run to 250, and with a bit of luck, I may be able to print (and sell) 300 of the next issue. Thanks must go to all the contributors who have written in and offering their horrific tentacles to produce articles and artwork for these pages. Keep the stuff crawling in! If this issue makes me seem a little more 'smart-arsed' than usual, don't be surprised, 'cos I've just returned from GamesFair where I was in the company of many other editors, I guess some of their fanzine lingo may have rubbed off on me. Therefore if you see the word -'plethora' in this issue don't be surprised. May I say that the other fanzines do need support, so if you have a few spare pennies why don't you send off for a few? I'll be at 'Dragonmeet' and 'Gamesday' this year, so if you see someone carrying a pile of DAGON's do come and have a chat. By the way there is a full report of the atrocious GamesFair activities by the Cthulhoids elsewhere in this issue.

I apologise if I have missed any fanzines out in the 'Phibes' column this issue, but I am afraid that I do not have space to include them all. You will also notice the arrival of something calling itself 'Black Mail' in this issue, so do try and give the column some support, I will not bother to print those letters which just praise DAGON, but instead will publish those critisisms and questions which I feel strongly about as well as any suggestions, ideas or news which I feel will interest other CoC players. Any Cthuloid Jokes you may dream up, will also be gravefully accepted. Nevertheless do still send in your comments on DAGON I am still very interested to hear your views.

Right now a quick plug... Jeremy Nuttall, is running the 'Rolegaming Fanzine Poll' For a zine to be eligable it must be concerned with rolegaming. and be published in 1985. For a voter to vote s/he must have bought the zine. You may vote for up to 3 zines, in the following categories. Best New Zine, Best Chat Zine, Best Hardware Zine, Best AW and Layout, Best PG coverage, Best Scenario, Best Article, Strangest Zine, and Editor of the Year. You must name both the title and issue no. for the Article and Scenario categories. You need not vote in all categories. Send your votes to:- Jeremy Nuttall, 49 Longdown Rd., Congleton, Cheshire CW12 4QH.



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Some film news, for all you gorehounds...

'Day of the Dead' Romero's new masterpiece has finished filming. It does not complete the supposed trio of zombie films after all! The tale features a zombie called Bub who is trained to combat other zombies, he is the first of 'the elite corps' which the few survivors have trained to help kill off the menace of the undead. Ghouls vs. Ghouls, sounds very interesting to me! Can't wait for it.

For all you filmfans heavily into Dario Argento, I've got some disappointing news. Alan Jones, writer for Starburst and film critic of the macarbre tells me that Argento's latest 'Phenomena' is a load of rubbish, now that comes from a bloke who loves Argento and all his other films (Bird with the Crystal Plumage, Four Flies on Grey Velvet, Cat O'Nine Tails, Deep Red, Suspiria, Inferno, Tenebrae etc.). I guess I'll just have to wait and see.

LOVECRAFT
A Literary Anomaly

By PETER F JEFFERY

What was Lovecraft's longest piece of writing? Readers who are attempting to calculate the relative lengths of his three short novels will produce the wrong answer. HPL wrote something about the size of any two of his novels put together, which he titled 'A Description of the Town of Quebec, New-France - Lately added to His Brittanic Majest's Dominions'.

It is an enormous guide book to, and history of, the town of Quebec. Lovecraft wrote it after taking a twelve dollar, three day rail journey to Quebec in 1930. What is more Lovecraft wrote it, without thought of publication, "designed solely for my own perusal and for the crystallisation of my recollections"(i), as he wrote to his friend James Morton. Indeed, it did not see publication until 1976 (ii).

When one considers that Lovecraft was a professional writer, who never earned any other money except by this profession, the production of this treatise seems very odd indeed. It will seem stranger still when it is realised that this was far from being the only material Lovecraft wrote without thought of publication. Lovecraft must have been one of history's most voluminous epistolarians. His published letters fill five very large volumes (iii).

S. T. Joshi, the Lovecraft scholar who is working on a definative Lovecraft bibliography, has estimated that the complete extant correspondence may fill 100 volumes - (iv). Of course, not everyone, or everyones heir preserves all the letters they receive, even from Lovecraft. Robert Barlow, for example tells us that soon after Henry S. Whitehead's death all "his files of correspondence with Lovecraft and others" were destroyed (v). This presumably extensive correspondence cannot be all that has perished. Just how vast HPL's letter writing was no-one will ever know. What survives is enormous and the longest letter itself covers over fifty pages of print (vi).

So, Lovecraft was a professional writer whose bulk of work was never intended for print. This outre fact becomes stranger when coupled with the information that a great deal of what Lovecraft intended for print, was material for which he never sought payment. This was the work of Lovecraft the amateur journalist. In HPL's day amateur press associations thrived in America. Basically they produced fanzines, though unlike todays fanzines, they dealt with the whole range of literature (at least in subject matter, though not necessarily in quality) rather than specialising in one small field of interest ('Dagon' must be one of the more extreme examples of this specialisation). Physically, too, they differed from modern fanzines in that, before the days of the mimeograph, let alone the photocopier, these fanzines had to be typeset. Lovecraft poured a great deal of what energy he had left after his correspondence into these amateur publications. He worked as an administrator, including a stint as President of the United Amateur Press Association, editor of his own journal 'The Conservative', of 'The Providence Amateur' and, for a while, of the organ of U.A.P.A., 'The United Amateur' and as a prolific contributor both under his own name and a host of pseudonyms. The various noms de plume (not all of which have been established beyond doubt) combined with scarcity of surviving copies of these journals makes the estimating of the full scope of HPL's amateur journalism virtually impossible. Quite certainly the verse and essays in these publications is of greater bulk than the fiction, upon which Lovecraft's fame rests.

That fiction, or at least the bulk of it was paid work, but HPL could never make a living from it. He was beset by rejections - 'Weird Tales' often only accepted stories the second or third time they were submitted and sometimes refused to print them even then. 'The Case of Charles Dexter Ward', for example, was not published until four years after Lovecraft's death and fouteen years after it was written! (vii) When Weird Tales did print the stories they did pay, although neither promptly nor well. This is not true of all publications. When the British 'Not at Night' series reprinted various tales from 'Weird Tales' including some of Lovecraft's, the publishers declined to pay the authors. There was a scheme to sue the publishers, although I have been unable to discover any referance to either the court-case or payment being made. Another example was the ill fated book publication of 'The Shunned House' printed in 1928, it was haphazardly distributed in the form of hand-bound copies, hand-cut copies stapled into paper covers and as un-cut, unbound sheets until nearly half the print run was properly bound and published in 1962 (viii).

There being no sound income in Lovecraft's prefered style of writing, forced HPL to seek money through the pursuance of a writing career not as a ghostly writer but rather as a ghost writer. People would submit to him anything from vague plot ideas to complete (if badly written) manuscripts, which Lovecraft would then re-shape into publishable form. Much of this was material in which HPL could neither take pleasure or interest. He would refer to this material as 'bush work'. This phrase likened it to hacking one's way through the bush, while making a pun on the name of one of HPL's ghosting clients - David Van Bush, the author of 'Spunk (How to Lick Fear)' (ix), a volume for which Lovecraft provided the verse at least.

Not all of Lovecraft's ghosting (or, as he called it, 'revision') work was so uncongenial. It included a fair number of weird tales, amongst them was C.M. Eddy Jnr's 'The Loved Dead' which caused such a scandal that Weird Tales was nearly suppressed and the issue containing the story (x) was withdrawn. Into other 'revision' tales - those written for Zealia Bishop, Hazel Heald and William Lumley (xi) - he infiltrated portions of his mythos. Of 'The Curse of Yig', Lovecraft wrote to Clark Ashton Smith, "this specimen is well-nigh a piece of original composition on my part, since all I had to go by was a synopsis of notes describing a pioneer couple, the attack on the husband by snakes, the bursting of his corpse in the dark, and the subsequent madness of his wife. All the plot and motivation in the present tale are my own - I invented the snake-god, the curse, the prologue and epilogue, the point about the identity of the corpse, and the monsterously suggested aftermath. To all intents and purposes it's my story" (xii). So we come to the final anomaly in Lovecraft's career - that some of his best stories appear, even today, not under his own name, but under those of his revision clients.

It not only makes Lovecraft a literary anomaly, but renders the task of determining exactly what Lovecraft did and did not write an extremely knotty problem. However, the way in which Lovecraft the bibliographer is apt to shed his sanity is another matter and should be the subject of another essay.

NOTES

(i) H.P. Lovecraft. 'Selected Letters volume III', Arkham House, 1971 p.266.

(ii) In H.P. Lovecraft. 'To Quebec and the Stars', ed. L. Sprague de Camp. Donald Grant 1976.

(iii) H.P. Lovecraft. 'Selected Letters' five volumes, Arkham House, 1965-1976.

(iv) S.T. Joshi in his introduction to H.P. Lovecraft from 'Uncollected Prose and Poetry' volume 2. Necronomicon Press, 1980. p.9.

(v) Henry S. Whitehead. 'Jumbee and Other Uncanny Tales', Arkham House, 1944. p.9.

(vi) To Frank Belknap Long, dated 27/2/1931. 'Selected Letters volume III' p.p.290-342.

(vii) Lovecraft told Frank Belknap Long that it was nearly finished in February 1927, (See 'Selected Letters volume II' pp.99-100. It first appeared in 'Weird Tales' - May and July 1941.).

(viii) For bibliographic details see 'H.P. Lovecraft and Diverse Hands' 'The Dark Brotherhood'. Arkham House, 1966. pp.215 and 222.
See also, W. Paul Cook 'In Memoriam Howard Phillips Lovecraft', 1941. pp.66.

(ix) Mehoopany, Pennsylvania, 1924.

(x) 'Weird Tales' for May-June-July 1924.

(xi) No relation of, and not to be confused with, Brian Lumley - the modern author of Mythos stories.

(xii) H.P. Lovecraft, 'Selected Letters volume III', pp.29-30.

PETER F. JEFFERY

Well I hoped you enjoyed the above article, I certainly did. Please try and let me know your views, I am particularly interested to know whether you feel that this type of material is suitable for DAGON readers, I have a couple of similar articles in the pipeline and Peter tells me that he has several other ideas for similar articles.

De Vermis Mysteriis

By Andy Bennison

"Tibi Magnum Innominadum, signa stellarum nigarum et bufaniformis Sadoque sigillum"

So begins one of the many sinister invocations contained within Ludvig Prinn's 'De Vermis Mysteriis' or 'Mysteries of the Worm'.

Prinn, died at the inquisitorial stake during the Brussels witchcraft trials of 1493. He proclaimed himself the sole survivor of the ill fated ninth crusade, exhibiting musty documents as attestation of proof. Although it was admitted that a Ludvig Prinn had numbered amongst the gentlemen retainers of Monsterrat, Prinn was declared a crack-brained imposter, even though Prinn was a descendant of the original warrior. Prinn claimed to have gained sorcerous learning whilst held captive among the wizards and wonder-workers of Syria. He was finally declared insane after recounting encounters with djinns and efreets of Eastern Myth.

His final years were spent in the Flemish lowland of his birth, in the ruins of a pre-Roman tomb that stood in a wood near Brussels. Peasants shunned the area saying it was haunted by 'invisible creatures'. On full moons people and animals would disappear and blood would be found on the crumbling alters near Prinn's home. However when soliers raided the tomb, the supernatural entities, weird instruments and curious compounds could not be found. Even the most sadistic tortures failed to extract a confession from Prinn, so he was thrown into the dungeon to await trial.

It was while he was in the prison that Prinn penned his dark tome. How it was smuggled past the guards is a mystery itself. At his trial Prinn offered no defence, answered no questions and mocked his jailors. It is said that even as he died, Prinn laughed at the inquisitors. History does not tell what happened to his remains; but it is rumoured that they were stolen by an associate of an old wizard.

A year after Prinn's death 'De Vermis Mysteriis' was published in Cologne, but was quickly supressed, though a few volumes were distributed privately. (i). These copies were in turn transcribed and although a later, expurgated copy was published only the original Latin version is accepted as genuine. Many sceptics insist that even the Latin version is a fake, written by someone trying to use Prinn's infamy to make money.

"The Mysteries of the Worm' deals not only with alchemy and necromancy, but with the worship of Yig the father of serpents. It conserns the god's influences and power, as well as detailing the many cults of Yig that existed around the globe. It also aludes to two other related gods; Dark Han and the serpent bearded Byatis. (ii)

Recommended Spells: Contact Yig, Summon Star Shambler, Bind Star Shambler (sic). (iii). As Prinn was an alchemist it is possible that Brew Space Mead and Create the Powder of Ibn-Ghazi are also there. There may also be spells relating to nocromancy and the dead. (Keepers who own Chaosium's 'Fungi from Yuggoth' scenario pack may also like to include 'Summon Child of Yig' and 'Bind Child of Yig' - see page 46).

Editors Notes

(i) These copies were in Latin, and extremely difficult to read since the tomes spidery script was in the most part illegible. Through the centuries the few elect who have actually managed to translate the tome, still ponder on it's lore whose secrets are known only to a few, who for obvious reasons refuse to reveal their contents.

(ii) In 1971 letters and manuscripts were discovered, relating to a recent discovery of the dark tome by James Robert Boone in Salem, Mass. Certain references alluded to

the foul worship of that being known to the enlightened few as Yog-Sothoth, - perhaps similar spells may be in this corrupt volume linked to this same Other God.

(iii) May I point out that Andy refers to these spells in their correct form, as presented by the original authors namely Robert Bloch, and not Chaosium's often mistaken rulesbook which refers to these same beings (Star Shamblers) as Star Vampires. Therefore Keepers wishing to include these two spells should consult the spells 'Summon' and 'Bind' 'Star Vampire', from the CoC rulesbook.

Further details conserning 'De Vermis Mysteriis' and the worship of Father Yig may be found in :-

'The Shambler from the Stars' by Robert Bloch
'The Curse of Yig' by Zealia Bishop
'Jerusalem's Lot' by Stephen King (from 'Night Shift' by same author).
'Cthulhu in Mesomamerican Religion' by R.L. Tierney (Cthulhu Companion)

DR. PHIBES PRESCRIBES

Hello there again inmates, I have just received the delivery of horrible things, from the postman, let me delve into the sack and see what's on offer.....

THE FIERY CROSS issue 4, includes an article on 'Languages' in AD&D, a look at Chivalry and Sorcery by Paul Mason, a long lettercol., Vikings, reviews, a Warhammer scenario, zine reviews and more (no CoC this issue) costs 50p from: Tom Stacy, The Mill House, Rays Hill, Hawridge, Nr. Chesham, Bucks HP5 2UJ.

NEXT STOP JUPITER issue 2, usual chat, spoof cartoon on the X-Men, lettercol., more irving rubbish, short fiction, reviews, articles on Go, The Trooper, The SA-80 - a new magic item for Espionage and James Bond 007, and more, this issue also incorporates Party number 7. A bargain for 50p from Jez Keen, 1 Glenfield Road, Stockport, SK4 2QP.

DEMONS DRAWL issue 11, the best AD&D hardware zine available, includes articles on 'The Order of Wizards', Dragons, Lettercol, AD&D scenario, campaign update, reviews, artwork tips, zine reviews, essay on Aleister Crowley (the only dull piece), short stories and a look at the new Citadel releases. If you play AD&D this zine is a 'must' buy. Costs: 55p from Jeremy Nuttall, 49 Longdown Rd, Congleton, Cheshire, CW12 4QH.

IMAZINE issue 10, mainly a chat zine, originating from Warwick U. Contains a very lengthy lettercol. (very good it is too!), 'Musiq'(sic), zine reviews, 'Goat Philosophy', Paul 's views on where the direction of computer RPGing is taking us, hobby news and the usual postal Games. This zine is for the intellectuals only, and a definate buy if you like a witty, chatty and intelligent zine catering for 'the hobby'. An interesting buy for 50p from Paul Mason, Room J51, Kirby Lodge, Rootes Residence, Univ. of Warwick, Coventry CV4 7AL.

MONSTEROUS PERVERSION issue 1, contains articles on 'The Vampire and RPG'ing, (nothing new here), boring piece on Dinosaurs, a Toon scenario, CoC adventure, which is quite long but interesting, and a couple of reviews. Costs £1.00 (a bit steep, due to the fact that the printing was expensive) - though I would never have thought so. Not recommended for those who have trouble reading small (in this case microscopic) type. from: Peter Blanchard, 4 Holly Acre, Prey Heath, Mayford, Woking, Surrey, GU22 0BL.

PROTOPLASM, issue 3 nicely put together zine, includes 'Seaquest' an AD&D adventure, article on obtaining food when on long journeys in adventures, Zine reviews, essay on the Berlin Wall - intended for use with spy roll playing games, along with a scenario which looks very interesting, a lettercol.,cartoon,essay on alignment in RPG's, and for the Cthulhoids there is 'Cthulhu Cthalling' a collection of new magic items, books for CoC, and hilarious halfpage interview with the late, great Lovecraft - from beyond the grave..aaarrgghhh. Costs 50p from Ivan O'Brien, 20 Victoria Road, Rathgar, Dublin 6, Ireland. (Recommended).

Fenland Fog

A 'Call of Cthulhu' adventure by Stephen H. Wand.

Introduction: The following scenario has been designed for a party of 2-4 rookie investigators as an introduction into the world of the Cthulhu Mythos. However, 'Fenland Fog' can be easily integrated into an existing campaign to provide investigators a little leisurely exitement in the remote fenlands of South East Lincolnshire.

SETTING: Gedney Drove End, Lincolnshire, England. Early 1920's

PLAYERS INFORMATION: The tranquility of Gedney Drove End, a remote Lincolnshire village on the South Western shore of the wash has been broken by the recent disappearance of four villagers from Gedney Drove End and outlying homesteads. It is not simply the disappearance of members of the community this year that has caused a stir, two villagers went missing in 1920; two in 1919, and none of them have been seen since. Both the local constabulary and Boston detectives have been unable to provide explanations for the disappearances and are completely baffled. Local superstition coupled with recent events have filled the villagers with dread.

Investigators can learn of the mystery by one of three ways:

1). They could be passing through nearby towns such as Boston, Long Sutton or Kings Lynn and stumble across a relevant newspaper article.

2). or, Investigators could see a newspaper report in one of the big papers, be it in Arkham, London, or New York.

3). or finally, The investigators could be drawn into the area by means of a letter from an old university/college friend currently residing in Boston, Lincolnshire, along with a cutting from the Holbeach Herald detailing the above story. The letter could be a cryptic message implying that the article only gives half the story, and as the friend is aware of the investigators love of puzzles, looks forward to meeting him, once more.

If the latter alternative is used, the local friend is Mr. Gerald Carter of 3, Hereward Avenue, Boston. Mr. Carter can be either a sleeping or active NPC.

KEEPERS INFORMATION: Offshore from Gedney Drove End, appoximately a quarter of a mile out into the Wash, there lives beneath the brown, muddy surface, a colony of Deep Ones. The Deep Ones have interbred with a family inhabiting an old coastal millhouse, it is this family, depraved and utterly evil that have been causing the recent disappearances, whilst delving deeper and deeper into the occult. Ancient stories and superstitions aid the family in ensuring that the locals are fearful of their affairs.

The family are the Tenbys. This evil lot kidnap locals to provide random sacrifices for nightgaunts which they have learned to summon. The sacrifices are smeared with phosphorous to give them a spectral glowing appearance, before being strung up from the old gibbet on Gallows Mound. These bodies, coupled with old stories concerning a phantom, said to haunt the mound which is situated next to the old millhouse, deter villagers with an enquiring mind, allowing the Tenbys to continue their persuit of evil without hindrance.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Mr. Gerald Carter: If Mr. Carter is being used in this scenario, the following info. can be obtained from a reporter at the offices of the Holbeach Herald in Holbeach's town centre:

Carter has an interest in the occult and it is this interest that has drawn him to the Lincolnshire Fenlands, as the abundance of 'ghost stories' was immensely appealing. Gerald will explain briefly that nearby Long Sutton has a manor house, haunted by a headless stable boy, who runs through the master bedroom weilding a pitchfork.

Gerald Carter (Continued): Holbeach - St. Mathews Inn, has had two unusual inhabitants since the year 1608. They are a puritan couple who were put to death under mysterious cicumstances and are said to visit the rooms of the unfortunate guests, reading passages from the book of 'Revelations'. Gedney Drove End, Gerald explains, also has it's own ghost.....A phantom known as the 'Mill Wraith'. This rumour is based upon disputed sightings of a spectral figure said to walk Gallows Mound, a field adjacent to the old mill. Gerald, pausing for effect, will go on to relate tales concerning the recent events at Gedney Drove End.....

> 'On the night of the locals disappearance, it is claimed that a phantom-type figure can be seen, hanging from the old gibbet on Gallows Mound, glowing in the moonlight. The following morning, there is never a trace of any body to be found. These sightings are mainly reported by villagers returning from an evening at the village tavern - 'The Sun'. Therefore authorities choose to disregard the stories'.

However all this is food and drink for Gerald, who sees a future novel in the mystery.

Gerald will also point out that many local libraries contain useful information regarding the area's history. This is another of the attractions that the Fenlands hold for him!

LIBRARY USE: If the investigators choose to delve deeper into the areas past, a successful Library Use roll will be required to learn the following information. A seperate roll is needed for each book:-

Saint Benet's Abbey - Seat of Fenland learning.
Little is known about the date St. Benet's Abbey was built as relevant documents were destroyed in the Abbey's fire. It is known that the abbey occupied the site of N.E. Gedney Drove End. It was ited on firm ground, surrounded on three sides by marshes and the Wash on the east. A secret causeway run from the Abbey to the mainland. In 1016 the Danish King Canute appeared and the abbey was laid under seige. The two month seige ended when the Danes, having located the causeway, attacked the Abbey. The inhabitants, starving and diseased, stood no chance as the Danes put the Abbey to the torch killing all inside. It is said that the Abbot, with his dying breath cast a curse upon the future inhabitants of the area. This, however is not documented and is only heresay passed on by word of mouth.

Lincolnshire - a concise history.
Prior to the 17th c., much of what is now known as Holbeach, Lutton and Terrington Mashes were under water. In the 17th c. much of the land was reclaimed from the wash. This has lead to a supply of more land for grazing cattle, but has resulted in considerable altering of the coastline. St. Bent's Abbey, once a remote coastal building, destroyed in 1016 - whose site is now a quarter of a mile from the Wash, was eventually built upon in 1835 when a much needed windmill was provided for the people of Gedney Drove End and Gedney Marsh. The mill was built at the cost of £125.18/- The first miller to occupy the mill was a Mr. Wilfred Tenby.

PARISH RECORDS - Gedney Drove End.

No skill rolls are required to learn the following. The parish priest - Rev. Alfred Thomas will allow the investigators free access to the records.

Wilfred Tenby, son of Jacob Tenby and Elizabeth Tenby nee Wallis, born October 25th 1815. Married Mary Keel of Terrington, St. Clement on January 2nd 1836. Died June 6th 1858, cause od death; Murder. Mary Tenby nee Keel, died November 10th 1857 cause of death; Natural causes.

HOLBEACH HERALD.
No verbal skill rolls are required to search through the Herald's records. However the investigators should state that they wish to look as far back as 1858 and roll a successful Library Use, before learning the following information.

HOLBEACH HERALD records continued.

Holbeach Herald, June 29th, 1858: Gedney Drove End and Gedney Marsh mourn the death of the much revered millar of the villages, a Mr. Wilfred Tenby, aged 43 years. The local constabulary are investigating the death, as Mr. Tenby died in what has been described as particularly violent and mysterious circumstances, the like of which has not been seen in the area for many years. Mr. Tenby, whose wife Mary died in November of last year, is survive by his two sons Samual and Francis.

THE LOCAL POPULACE.
Villagers of this area are very wary of strangers and generally keep themselves to themselves. A Fast Talk or Oratory roll is required to obtain each of the following items of information. Any attempt at Bribery may result in strong rebuke or police intervention, if the individual's suspicions are aroused.

1). The individuals who happen to have been taken, were apathetic towards the church, and the curse of the abbott is the cause of their disappearance.

2). The mill wraith is the phantom of the old Wilfred Tenby, whose poor soul cannot find peace.

3). Wilfred Tenby's spirit has returned to haunt his family, who instead of carrying on with the milling business, have allowed the workings to fall into disrepair.

4). Wilfred Tenby's two sons married local girls and lived under the same roof as the millhouse, since then the Tenby's have withdrawn into seclusion. The older Tenby's are never seen. The only members of the strange family seen are the young men who visit the village for supplies or to visit 'The Sun' for an evening's carousing.

5). The Tenby's are an evil bunch who cause nothing but trouble when they visit town. They often finish up in the local lock-up. The last occasion a Tenby was locked up resulted in a strange rumpus at the gaol - that would be last August.

(The Keeper may decide to roll a D10 and decide which info. is learned by each successful use of the appropriate skills, until all, if possible, the above are learned).

Investigators, wishing to follow up the rumours concerning the 'rumpus at the gaol' will be pointed in the direction of the Holbeach Herald offices, where the following additional info. may be learned upon a successful roll of Library Use.

HOLBEACH HERALD
Holbeach Herald 192... Gedney Dyke police reported a spectacular gaol breakout on Tuesday night. The complete North wall of the one storey lock-up was destroyed from the outside allowing one prisoner, a Thomas Tenby of Gedney Drove End to gain an early freedom. The police believe that a ram of some kind was used, to break down the wall, but as yet no evidence has been found to support their theories. Other prisoners in the cells at the time, claimed to have seen through the 3ft by 4ft. hole in the wall, gigantic fiendish black figures, glowing with an errie green light. The police spokesman, Inspector Foster explained that all the men in the cells at the time had been arrested on drunken charge offences and has condemned local publicans for continuing to serve men who, quite obviously have drunk more than is good for them. Needless to say Inspector Foster dismisses all stories of 'fiendish, glowing creatures'.

GEDNEY POST MILL

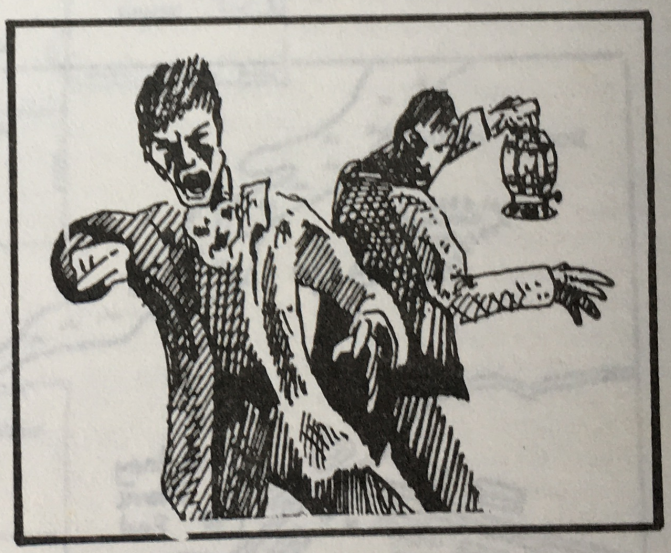
Gedney mill is a typical post mill of the area. The Mill is of wooden construction built upon a base of stone. Steps lead up to the mill and, when poerational, these steps would be lifted to turn the mill to face the wind. P.T.O.

SMALL ADS. Small adverts can be placed at the cost of an 18p stamp per line of typed matter. Ads will appear in the next issue, if space permits.

WANTED: 2nd hand 'Cthulhu Companion', 'Shadows of Yog-Sothoth' & 'Curse of the Cthonians' - Telephone SIMON on Slough 41149.

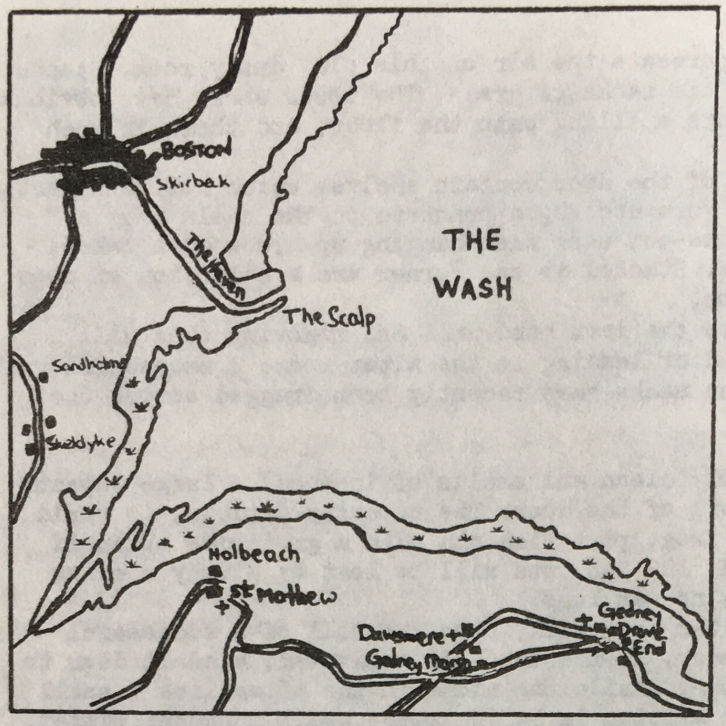
MILL BASEMENT: A dark mouldy smell permeats the air of this old, dusty room. Stacked against the left hand wall are many old sacks of grain. The lower sacks have obviously been bitten through, their contents spilling onto the floor, and there is much evidence of vermin.
The walls opposite and to the right of the door contain shelves which hold a selection of tools: Hammers, chisels, screwdrivers etc. Upon brackets on the walls hang a felling axe and two a two handed cross-cut saw. Also hanging up are wooden rakes, and rusty bladed scythes and sickles. Stacked in one corner are a selection of cogs and gears covered in rust and cobwebs.
Investigators inspecting the sacks on the left hand wall and removing them will discover that they conceal a secret door leading to the alter room. A successful roll upon Spot Hidden will reveal that the sacks have recently been dragged across the floor.

THE ALTER ROOM: This room is impecably clean and smells of incence. A large tapestry hangs behind a stone alter to the left of the door. The tapestry depicts, in vivid detail two gigantic creatures, part frog, part fish and with a grotesque humanoid appearance. If a San. roll is failed, 1D3 San. pts will be lost by simply viewing the tapestry. A succesful roll means no San loss.
(If the investigators inspect the alter they will, upon the roll of a successful Spot Hidden, notice a catch at the back. If the catch is activated, a small door to the left of the catch will spring open. Inside the niche in the alter lies a small scroll of parchment. Upon the scroll written in LATIN is the spell "Enchant Blade". To learn this spell requires 1D3 weeks study, and a successful read Latin roll. A failed roll requires a further 1D3 weeks study.
Opposite the door to the alter room is a staircase leading up to a trapdoor, which is bolted. Investigators proceeding up the staircase and unbolting and opening the door, will see that it leads out onto the roof of the mill base and will see the wooden structure of the mill above them.



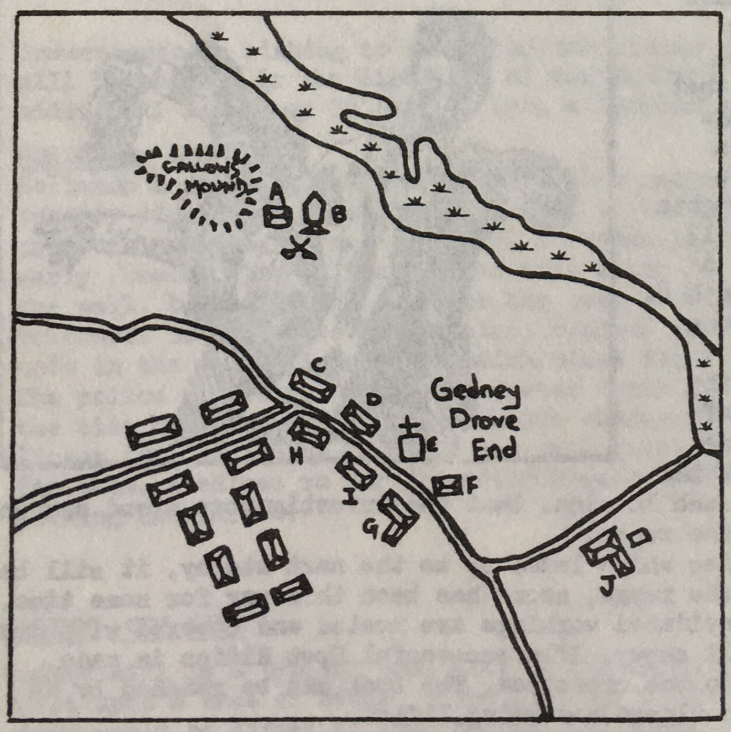
THE MILL: The workings of the mill have fallen into disreppair, the floor is covered with dust and filth. Even the slightest observations will reaveal that there has been much comings and goings in the room. A successful Spot Hidden that in one corner, protruding from a few empty grain sacks lie several lenghts of rope. One legth is fashioned in a 13 knot noose. Also beneath the sack is a locked wooden box. The lock is strength 8. Inside the box are two pots of luminous, glowing phosphorous. (Phosphorous is inflammable) Investigators smashing the box open will attract the attention of 1D4 Tenby's who will come running armed with pitchforks and sickles. While at the mill there is a 15% chance that for each 10 mins. that the investigators spend searching that 1D4 Tenby's will appear on the scene.
If any investigator examines the ladder which leads up to the next storey, it will be apparent, that due to the dust upon the rungs, noone has been this way for some time. Up in the second storey, all the dilapidated workings are rusted and covered with dust There are many sacks lying around, all empty. If a successful Spot Hidden is made, a small book will be seen, strapped to the crossbeam. The book can be reached by an investigator sitting upon anothers shoulders and being lifted.
(The book is a small, leather bound volume, with a dirty red cover, upon which are the letters W.T. in gold lettering).
Again any noise made whilst trying to reach this book will result in 1D4 Tenby's being alerted to the investigators presence. (continued after the maps)

FENLAND FOG



SOUTH EAST LINCOLNSHIRE

GEDNEY DROVE END



A: THE TENBY HOUSE
B: GEDNEY POST MILL
C: THE POST OFFICE
D: HARDWARE STORE
E: PARISH CHURCH
F: VICARAGE
G: 'THE SUN' - Public House
H: THE POLICE STATION
I: GROCERS
J: RANDS FARM

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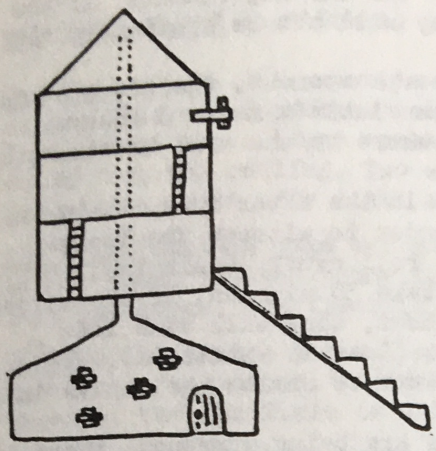
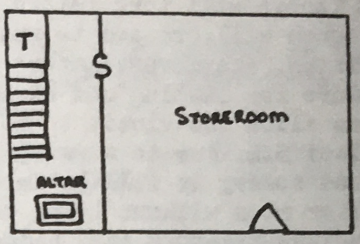
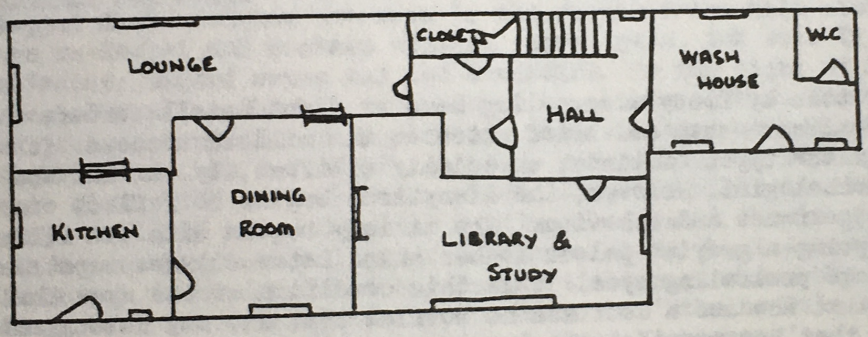


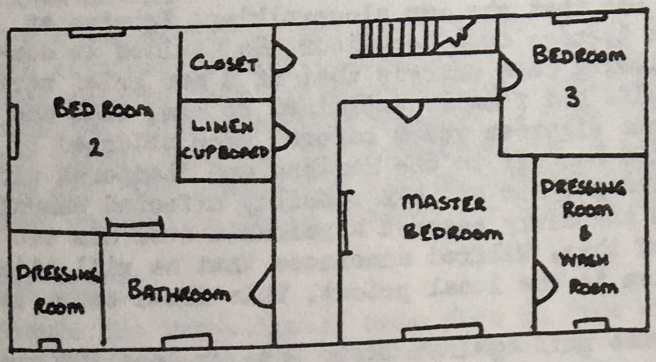
GEDNEY POST MILL



POST MILL BASEMENT.



GROUND FLOOR



FIRST FLOOR.

THE TENBY HOUSE

If the investigators search at night, the chance of Tenby's appearing at the mill is 20% each night. (Roll once). If they do appear there will be 2D6 Tenby's and with them will be a struggling, frightened villager, bound and gagged. This is of course another kidnapped captive, taken for use as a sacrifice for the nightgaunts. If the investigators succeed in making their 'Sneak' rolls they will not be spotted by the Tenbys.
The captive will be taken into the mill, daubed with the phosporous, the noose taken from it's hiding place and placed around the unfortunate victim's neck. 3 Tenbys will then drag the struggling figure to Gallows Mound, where he/she will be strung up to the old gibbet.
The 3 Tenbys will then return to the rest of the group, in the alter room, where the evil bunch will proceed to summon the nightgaunts. In order to witness the Tenbys activities, the investigators must succeed in a 'Sneak' roll every 10 minutes. The procedure for daubing and stringing up the victim will take 30 minutes. If the investigators allow the victim to be left hanging from the gibbet, they will each lose 3 points of San. due to a feeling ofguilt and uselessness. (Loss is automatic).
Needless to say it will be impossible for the investigators to follow the Tenbys into the alter room without being detected.
If the investigators stay hidden, whilst the nightgaunts are being summoned, there is a 25% chance that the nightgaunts will detect their presence and then seek them out. Details regarding the nightgaunts, including the relevant San loss, for viewing them should be consulted from the Cthulhu Rulesbook.

IF THE PARTY ARE SPOTTED BY THE TENBYS

If seen by the Tenbys, the investigators will be the targets of killing, by this evil lot. The Tenbys will do all in their power to kill the investigators, if the party are within melee range, the Tenbys will attempt to slay the investigators themselves. However if the investigators are fleeing from the mill, the Tenbys will summon the nightgaunts, and once bound, the creatures will be instructed to seek out and destroy the intruders.

WILFRED TENBY'S DIARY

The dirty, aged journal written by Tenby's scrawling hand at first details orders that have been received from local merchants and brief notes on the millers success. It also notes sightings of various types of birds, especially wildfowl, by the man who was quite obviously an ornothologist. However, the diary soon begins to reflect over his wifes change in both appearanee and behaviour. The anxiety begins with the miller describing his wife as adopting a greyish palour to her skin. Later entrues repot her receding hairline and strange protruding eyes. It is this condition of the eyes that prompted Tenby to suggest that she see a doctoras he worried that she may have glandular problems. He explains that her reaction was verging on violent refusal. One of the later entries reports Wilfred awaking early one morning to find his wife had disappeared, he left the house and after scanning the area with his telescope saw her heading towards the wash. His assumption was that she was sleepwalking. Entries at this time also show a distress of his two teenage sons behaviour. He decides to confront his wife with the problem. The following days entryis that of a man grief stricken almost to the point of insanity. His wife had finally explained to him, that she had, two months, before their marriage some eighteen years before, been abducted by horrific toad like creatures, which carried her off to the marshes and 'tamperes with her'. She feels that this occurence has damaged her and has possibly affected Samual and Francis too. The final two entries in the diary suggest a paranoia over his two sons strange, evil behaviour and in one of them, Wilfred announces that he will hide his journal and consider taking his problem to the local priest. This final entry is dated November 9th, 1857.
Any character reading the above entries must roll against their San. or lose 1D4 pts. of Sanity. A successful roll will still result in 1 point of San loss.

THE TENBY HOUSE

The Tenby House is the second largest house in Gedney Drove End, the vicarage being the largest. Its style and size reflect the wealth and status of a 19th century miller. The original building was added to by Samual and Francis Tenby after the death of their poor father.

THE WASH HOUSE: This room is a bare, cold room with red brick floor and whitewashed walls. Shelves of packets and boxes can be seen hanging on two of the walls. The only furnishings are a large enameled sink and drainer. Lines of airing clothes are suspended from the ceiling. Two windows provide ample light and an oil tillie lamp occupies a shelf, for light after sundown.

THE HALL: Clothes pags are situated on the wall at the foot of the stairs in this square room. The staircase leads up to the first floor, while two other doors lead off into the house. The floor is red tiled and scrubbed clean.

LOUNGE: The lounge has a linoleum covered floor with rugs which lie in front of the two large fireplaces. Watercolours of Fenland scenes are depicted on both chimney breasts. The furniture is utility but comfortable.

KITCHEN: The bright kitchen is similar to the wash house in that it's red tiled and whitewashed. It is a warm room with a large black cooking range opposite the door, which leads into the garden. Standard furnishings can be found here; pots, pans, knifes, cleavers, and an assotment of various utensils and cooking equipment. A large sturdy table stands in the centre of the room.

DINING ROOM: The dining room is a bright airy room, furnished with basic furnishings. The floor is linoleum covered and the walls are papered with regency striped paper. An oil lamp is suspended above a large oak dining table of sturdy design and polished finish.

LIBRARY AND STUDY: This single room is very comfortably furnished. A large oak, leather topped desk occupies the area in the front of the main window. The drawers of the desk are un-locked and contain writing paper, pens, ink etc. In front of the fireplace are a leather backed setee and two armchairs. To the right of the fireplace in the alcove are bookshelves which house volumes on many subjects. There are many books on the subject of birds and birdwatching. Some volumes cover the history of Lincolnshire and the Fenlands. On one shelf are books apertaining to milling, the craft and it's history, along with several ledgers detailing the mills accounts. Anyone with an 'Accountancy' skill of above 20% will realise that until the death of Wilfred Tenby the mill was a very profitable line of business. Among the ledgers is an ancient looking volume The cover is untitled but the inside title page shows the book to be called 'Gharne Fragments' The details can be found in the 'Cthulhu Rulesbook' - the book contains two spells, 'Summon Nightgaunt' and 'Bind Nightgaunt'.

FIRST FLOOR

The upper storey of the Tenby House is not remarkable. Furnishings in all the rooms are standard utility furnishings, although, with the rest of the house, effort has been made to make the accomodation comfortable. All three bedrooms are obviously occupied. From the upper windows, a good view of the Fenlands is visible.
The safest time for the investigators to search the property is at night, as during the day, the Tenbys are busy around the house. During any search the investigators must succeed in their 'Sneak' rolls every ten minutes to avoid being heard.

THE TENBYS

Should the investigator come face to face with an adult Tenby, he/she will be struck by their grotesque appearance: Receding hairline, protruding widely set eyes, long neck, weak chin and stumpy nose. The older Tenbys also have scabrous marks upon their necks and all possess an overwhelming fishy odour. Any investigator looking upon an adult Tenby must make a San. roll, failure results in 1D4 San loss. A successful roll will result in no loss.

DEFEATING THE TENBYS

The surest way of defeating the Tenbys is to kill them, this way they will not be able to infect any other decent citizen with the spawn of the Deep Ones. It will also erase the Deep Ones land based colony in one strike and bring to an end the abduction and murder of local villagers. The appearance of the Nightgaunts will cease. Merely by walking into a police station with the diary of the crazed miller, pot of phosporous and a theory, is the quickest ticket to the asylum.

The investigators will have to be completely ruthless and fast. If any slip up is made and the Tenbys feel threatened by the investigators snoopings, word will be passed to the colony of Deep Ones offshore, who will then employ the aid of their 'bully boys' the Shoggoths to dispose of the threat. (It is up to the Keeper to decide how this methos be incorporated into the game, as well as the number of the Shoggoths etc.). Details of the Shoggoths may be found in the 'Cthulhu Rulesbook.

A resourceful party could, if the Keeper allows, use their knowledge, upon finding the 'Gharne Fragments', and summon the Nightgaunts to dispose of the evil Tenbys for them. This is a great risk, but then again no solution is free of risk.

Should the Tenbys be disposed of successfully, there is no convenient underwater passage leading to the Deep Ones colony to allow a quick and easy way of expending them too. Therefore the threat of the Deep Ones may rear it's ugly head once more in years to come. Or the Deep Ones may leave the wash completely.....to reappear elsewhere.

The defeat of the Tenbys in this scenario, is a success and should be rewarded as such, a gain of 2D4 San points is ample payment, along with the investigators feeling of well being and satisfaction of solving yet another hideous puzzle of events.

CONCLUSION

Mary Tenby, after being abducted by the Deep Ones prior to her marriage to Wilfred Tenby became a Deep One. Their two sons, therefore bore the same affliction. Whereas Mary Tenby's human instincts overcame the Deep Ones influences resulting in her telling all to her husband, her sons felt threatened by their father after their mothers death. As a result the Deep Ones offshore were consulted and a Shoggoth was sent to dispose of poor Wilfred Tenby.

The two sons were then free to devote all their time to the pursuit of evil and the occult. They used the rumours of phantoms and Abbot's curse along with the superstitious villagers as a foundation for their own activities and bolstered these rumours with their own evil actions to deter intruders from their land.

KEEPERS NOTES

The different possibilities for success has been discussed under the heading 'Defeating the Tenbys'. The investigators slaughter by a Shoggoth is an obvious failure, but failure also results when investigators who solve the mystery do not leap into action and prevent further tragedy. Therefore once the party realise who is behind the abductions and killings, they should suffer a 2 point San. loss for each futher killing until the problem is solved and preventative measures taken.

STATISTICS NOTES

Stats. for the Deep Ones, Shoggoths and Nightgaunts are all as per the 'Cthulhu Rulesbook'. The stats. for the Tenbys and other villagers are for you, the Keeper to decide as only you know the strengths and weaknesses of your players characters, and can formulate opponents who will be fearsome and dangerous without being nigh on impossible for rookie investigators to overcome.

THE END??

R'LYEH RELEASES....R'LYEH RELEASES....R'LYEH RELEASES....R'LYEH RELEASES....

Direct from the tentacles of Marc Ghastcoigne.

'Shades of Terror' is the title of Games Workshop's next scenario pack, due out in the Summer, written by Marcus L. Rowland, the tome features a 1980's campaign, with sections on modern-day characters and weapons, professions etc. The pack contains two small adventures - a revised 'Trail of the Loathsome Slime' originally in WD43, plus a completely new adventure - plus a large 8 part scenario 'The Shadow over the Moon'. The book is 72pp long plus player handouts. Cover by Terry Oaks and interior illos. by Kevin Bulmer.

The latest Tome CoC material has apparently been rejected by Chaosium and refused a licence, and will probably now appear as a 'universal' scenario.

R'YLEH RELEASES reviewed by Carl Ford

As you must know by now 'GRANADA' paperbacks have just reissued a series of HPL omnibus's. There are three volumes in total, and are:-

'At the Mountains of Madness' vol. 1 Price £2.50

'Dagon' vol. 2 Price £2.95

'The Haunter of the Dark' vol. 3 Price ?

At the time of writing this I am yet to see volumes one and two, however 'At the Mountains of Madness'contains the tale of the same title plus 'The Case of Charles Dexter Ward' both are two of the longest pieces of fiction that Lovecraft wrote and the former is to my mind one of his best tales. At the Mountains of Madness tells of the expedition undertaken by the Miskatonic University to the Antarctic, in search of a previous group lead by Prof. Lake which came across an unknown species of life form and then disappeared. The expedition is lead by the narrator, a prof. of science at the University, together with his colleague, Danforth, and a team of others they set off. What they discover is a plateau, covered with gigantic stone structures, the ruins of an old city once inhabited by the Old Ones, of Leng through strange carvings on the wall the party discover the history of the strange species and come across the ancient horrors which eventually destroyed the race.

The Case of Charles Dexter Ward, tells of Charles Ward's investigations into the sinister past of his ancestor, Joseph Curwin, who fled Salem, Mass. at the time of the Witch Trials of 1692. Ward discovers that his ancestor along with two other powerful magicians were practicing magic on a grand scale, attempting to conquer both time and space. Gaining access to his ancestors black tomes, and ledgers lead Ward face to face with the evil Curwin, resulting in disaster and the remergence of utter evil.

The book is a bargain, though it makes me wonder where GRANADA are going to print those tales which were left out of the original publications, i.e. 'Dreams in the Witch-House' and the Randolph Carter tales. A must for those Keepers wishing to learn more about the Mythos.

'Dagon', is as I have already mentioned, unpublished at the time of writing therfore I will assume that it will contain all those tales, collected in earlier printings of the same title. If I am correct this volume will contain: 'Dagon','Polaris', Beyond the Wall of Sleep', 'The Doom that came to Sarnath', 'The White Ship', 'The Cats of Ulthar', Celephais', 'From Beyond', 'The Temple', 'The Tree', 'The Other Gods', 'The Quest of Iranon', 'Herbert West - Reanimator','Hypnos' and HPL's essay on Supernatural Horror in Literature. It may be possible that this book will also contain tales printed in Panther's other early HPL collection 'The Tomb' namely such tales as 'Strange High House In the Mist', 'Thing in the Moonlight', 'The Horror at Red Hook' etc, etc.

'The Haunter of the Dark' will probably contain the tales 'The Outsider', 'The Rats in the Walls', 'Pickmans Model', 'The Call of Cthulhu', 'The Dunwich Horror','The Whisperer in the Darkness', 'The Colour Out of Space', 'The Haunter of the Dark', The Thing on the Doorstep', and 'The Music of Erich Zann'. As you can see this book is the one which contains most of the Mythos, and definately is a 'must buy'.

As you can see from the above, if my theories concerning the contents of each book is correct, there will still be a fair selection of HPL Mythos and horror tales, not available. Such classics as 'The Festival', 'The Hound', 'The Nameless City', 'The Shadow Out of Time' 'The Shadow Over Innsmouth', etc may pop up in a further volume, which Granada may print if sales carry on as they are at the moment.

UPDATED INFO....UPDATED INFO.....UPDATED INFO.....UPDATED INFO.....UPDATED INFO....

Marc Gascoigne, editor of 'Crawling Chaos' the Cthulhu column in WD informs me that 'Dagon' contains all those other tales originally in the Dagon and 'The Tomb' collection. Good news eh! This may mean that the other volume 'Haunter' will contain a few extra ones from those listed. Aarrgghh.

PHIBES HERE..... Here is a CREEPY one INMATES, it's called 'THE NAMELESS OFFSPRING' and to introduce the tale, lets read some lines of text from that arcane book of eldritch lore ..... THE NECRONOMICON...

Many and multiform are the dire horrors of Earth, infesting her ways from the prime. They sleep beneath the untumed stone; they rise with the tree from its roots; they move beneath the sea and in subterranean places; they dwell in the inmost adyta; they emerge betimes from the shutten sepulcher of haughty bronze and the low grave that is sealed with clay. There be some that are long known to man,

and others as yet unknown that abide the terrible latter days of their revealing. Those which are the most dreadful and loathliest of all are happily still to be declared. But among those that have revealed themselves afore-time and have made manifest their veritable presence, there is one which may not openly be named for its exceeding foulness. It is that spawn which the hidden dweller in the vaults has begotten upon mortality.

IN A SENSE, IT IS FORTUNATE THAT THE STORY I MUST NOW RELATE SHOULD BE SO LARGELY A THING OF UNDETERMINED SHADOWS OF HALF-SHAPED HINTS AND FORBIDDEN INFERENCES.

MY OWN SLIGHT PART IN THE HIDEOUS DRAMA WAS LIMITED TO ITS LAST ACT

THE LEGEND OF WHICH I SPEAK WAS FAMILIAR TO ME FROM CHILDHOOD, AS A THEME OF FAMILY WHISPERS AND HEAD SHAKINGS, FOR SIR JOHN TREMOTH HAD BEEN A SCHOOLMATE OF MY FATHER. BUT I HAD NEVER MET SIR JOHN... TILL THE TIME OF THOSE HAPPENINGS WHICH FORMED THE FINAL TRAGEDY.

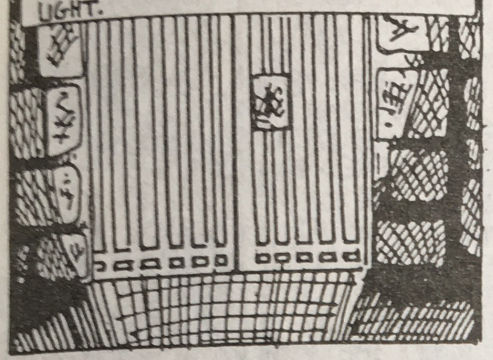
MY VISIT WAS PURELY ACCIDENTAL, WHEN I CAME TO TREMOTH HALL I HAD RIDDEN ALL DAY. TOWARD THE END OF THE AFTERNOON A MIST HAD COME IN FROM THE HIDDEN OCEAN.

TREMOTH HALL WAS NO CONSCIOUS PART OF MY ITINERARY WHEN I BEGAN A MOTORCYCLE TOUR OF THE ENGLISH COUNTIES.

SOMEHOW I MANAGED TO LOSE MY WAY.....

TO MISS THE MILE-POST WHICH WOULD HAVE GIVEN ME MY DIRECTION TO THE TOWN WHERE I HAD PLANNED TO SPEND THE ENSUING NIGHT.

THEN TO THE LEFT OF MY ROAD AND A LITTLE BEFORE ME. I SAW A LIGHT THAT SOMEHOW SUGGESTED A MOURNFUL AND TEAR-DIMMED EYE. SOMEWHAT TO MY SURPRISE THE GATE WAS UN-LOCKED. IT SWUNG INWARD WITH A RUSTY GRATING SOUND. I FOLLOWED A WEED-GROWN DRIVE TOWARD THE LIGHT.



THE RAMBLING MASS OF A LARGE MANOR-HOUSE DISCLOSED ITSELF... I FOUND A DARK DOOR, AT SOME DISTANCE FROM THE WINDOW THAT GAVE FORTH THE SOLITARY LIGHT..

IN RESPONCE TO MY THRICE REPEATED KNOCK THE DOOR WAS OPENED AND I SAW BEFORE ME AN OLD MAN.

THE OLD MAN LISTENED TO MY ACCOUNT OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES THAT HAD LEAD ME TO KNOCK AT THAT LONELY DOOR. I TOLD THE OLD MAN WHO I WAS.

"ARE YOU NOT THE SON OF MR. ARTHUR CHALDRANE?"

SOMEWHAT MYSTIFIED, I ADMITTED THE ASCRIBED PATERNITY.

"YOU RESEMBLE YOUR FATHER, SIR. MR. CHALDRANE AND SIR. JOHN TREMOTH WERE GREAT FRIENDS ... WILL YOU NOT COME IN SIR?"

LADY AGATHA TREMOTH, SIR JOHN'S WIFE, IN THE FIRST YEAR OF THEIR MARRIAGE. HAD BECOME THE VICTIM OF CATALEPTIC SEIZURES. THE THIRD ONE RESULTED IN HER DEATH, APPARENTLY. FOR SHE DID NOT REVIVE AFTER THE USUAL INTERVAL AND DISPLAYED ALL THE FAMILIAR MARKS OF RIGOR MORTIS... HER BODY WAS PLACED IN THE FAMILY VAULTS. WHICH WERE OF ALMOST FABULOUS AGE AND EXTENT. AND HAD BEEN EXCAVATED IN THE HILL BEHIND THE MANOR

ON THE DAY FOLLOWING HER INTERMENT, SIR JOHN, TROUBLED BY A QUEER, INSISTENT DOUBT AS TO THE FINALITY OF THE MEDICAL VERDICT RE-ENTERED THE VAULT

IN TIME TO HEAR A WILD CRY AND SEE LADY AGATHA SITTING UP IN HER COFFIN THE NAILED LID WAS LYING ON THE STONE FLOOR AND IT SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE THAT IT COULD HAVE BEEN REMOVED BY THE STRUGGLES OF THE FRAIL WOMAN. HALF DAZED SHE TOLD AN INCOHERENT TALE OF HER EXPERIENCE.

SHE WAS TROUBLED BY RECOLLECTIONS OF A PALE. HIDEOUS INHUMAN FACE WHICH SHE HAD SEEN IN THE GLOOM ON AWAKENING FROM HER PROLONGED AND DEATH LIKE SLEEP. IT WAS THE SIGHT OF THIS FACE STOOPING OVER HER AS SHE LAY IN THE OPEN COFFIN THAT HAD CAUSED HER TO CRY OUT..

THE THING HAD VANISHED BEFORE SIR JOHN'S APPROACH... SHE THOUGHT THAT IT WAS LARGE AND WHITE, AND RAN LIKE AN ANIMAL ON ALL FOURS, THOUGH ITS LIMBS WERE SEMI-HUMAN

OF COURSE HER TALE WAS REGARDED AS A SORT OF DREAM. BUT THE SHOCK OF HER EXPERIENCE LEAD TO AN ILLNESS AND NINE MONTHS LATER SHE DIED AFTER GIVING BIRTH TO HER FIRST CHILD...

HER DEATH WAS A MERCIFUL THING, FOR THE CHILD WAS ONE OF THOSE APPALLING MONSTROSITIES THAT SOMETIMES APPEARED IN HUMAN FAMILIES.

NURSES AND SERVANTS WHO HAD SEEN THE CREATURE LEFT TREMOTH HALL AND HAD REFUSED TO RETURN. SIR. JOHN, WITHDREW FROM SOCIETY AND PEOPLE SAID THAT THE CHILD WAS KEPT LOCKED UP IN A BARRED WINDOWED ROOM.

I WAS STILL REVIEWING THE DREADFUL LEGEND WHEN I HEARD FOOTSTEPS, WHICH I TOOK TO BE THOSE OF THE RETURNING MANSERVANT'S. HOWEVER I WAS WRONG. THE FIGURE WAS PLAINLY SIR. JOHN HIMSELF!

THE TALL, SLIGHTLY BENT FIGURE, THE FACE THAT WAS LINED, AS IF BY THE TRICKLING OF ACID, WERE MARKED WITH A DIGNITY THAT SEEMED TO TRIUMPH OVER THE DOUBLE RAVAGES OF SORROW AND ILLNESS.

"HARPER TELLS ME YOU ARE THE SON OF MY OLD SCHOOL FRIEND ARTHUR CHALDRANE- I BID YOU WELCOME."

SIR. JOHN EXPLAINED THAT, DESPITE MY FEAR OF INTRUSION, HE WOULD BE DELIGHTED IF I WOULD BE HIS GUEST.

HE LED ME TO THE SECOND FLOOR PASSING SEVERAL DOORS, DOUBTLESS THOSE OF BED CHAMBERS. ONE OF THE DOORS WAS RE-ENFORCED WITH IRON BARS, I SURMISED THAT THIS WAS THE ROOM IN WHICH THE MONSTEROUS CHILD HAD BEEN CONFINED, AND I WONDERED IF THE ABNORMALITY STILL LIVED!

MY CURIOUS RECOLLECTIONS, AS WERE INTERUPTED WITH NERVE-SHATTERING SUDDENESS BY A A LOUD CRY THAT SEEMED TO ISSUE FROM THE ROOM THAT WAS BARRED. IT WAS NEITHER HUMAN OR BESTIAL...

RRRGG!!

SIR. JOHN IGNORED THE DEMON VOICE, AND WAS PAUSING BEFORE THE SECOND CHAMBER FROM THE ONE WITH THE SEALED DOOR

"I'LL LET YOU HAVE THIS ROOM. IT'S JUST BEYOND THE ONE I OCCUPY"

THE CHAMBER TO WHICH HE NOW ADMITTED ME HAD MANIFESTLY NOT BEEN USED FOR YEARS. SIR JOHN BEGAN TO APOLOGISE, BUT I PROTESTED. THAT THERE WAS NO NEED.

THE INHUMAN LONELINESS AND DECAY OF THE OLD MANOR-HOUSE .. AND THE CORRESPONDING DESOLATION OF IT'S OWNER, HAD IMPRESSED ME MORE PAINFULLY THAN EVER.

OUR DINNER WAS CERVED, BUT IN SPITE OF MY HUNGER I COULD NOT FORGET MY FATHER'S STORY; AND THE SEALED DOOR. WHATEVER IT WAS THE MONSTROSITY STILL LIVED. SIR JOHN EXPLAINED THAT HE SUFFERED FROM HEART DISEASE,

"MAYBE YOU'LL THINK ME QUEER, BUT I HAVE A FIXED PREJUDICE AGAINST BURIAL OR VAULT INTERNMENT"

"I WANT MY REMAINS TO BE CREMATED. HARPER WILL SEE TO IT. I CAN'T BEAR THE IDEA OF SOME WORM-INFESTED TOMB"

AS WE RETIRED. WE MET HARPER CARRYING A HEAVY IRON PAN, ON WHICH WERE A FEW SCRAPS OF MEAT. I WONDERED IF HE HAD BEEN FEEDING THE MONSTROSITY. CERTAIN EVASIVE HINTS... THE ODOUR FROM THE SCRAPS POINTED TO AN ABHORRENT THOUGHT.

NO, IT COULD NOT BE... HERE IN ENGLAND, OF ALL PLACES... THAT CORPSE-DEVOURING DEMON OF ORIENTAL TALES AND LEGENDS ... THE GHOUL!!!

DURING THE NIGHT I BECAME AWARE OF A QUEER, FAINT, DISQUIETING SOUND, WHICH SEEMED TO COME FROM THE NEXT ROOM. I BEGAN TO IDENTIFY IT AS THE SCRATCHING OF ANIMAL CLAWS. THEN CAME A GROAN, LIKE THAT OF A MAN IN GREAT AGONY. IN A STATE OF DULL NIGHTMARISH APPREHENSION, DRUGGED FOR WANT OF SLEEP I SLID INTO A DEEP SLUMBER.

I WAS AWAKENED AT MIDDAY BY THE MANSERVANT, WHOSE TREMULOUS MANNER INDICATED SOMETHING OF DIRE IMPORT HAD OCCURED.

"I REGRET TO TELL YOU, MR CHALDRANE - THAT SIR. JOHN IS DEAD"

SHOCKED BY HIS ANNOUNCEMENT. I OFFERED HARPER ASSISTANCE IN MAKING THE NECESSARY ARRANGEMENTS FOR THIS DISPOSITION OF HIS MASTER'S REMAINS.

HE WENT ON TO SPEAK OF SIR. JOHN'S DESIRE FOR CREMATION. IT SEEMED THAT THE BARONET HAD LEFT EXPLICIT DIRECTIONS FOR THE BUILDING OF A PYRE OF DRIFTWOOD ON THE HILL BY THE HALL. AND HIS CREMATION AND SOWING OF HIS ASHES ON THE FIELDS OF THE ESTATE.

-AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

HARPER ASKED ME IF I WOULD KEEP HIM COMPANY THAT NIGHT. INSISTING THAT WE SHOULD BE ARMED. WE WERE TO KEEP WATCH OVER SIR. JOHN'S DEAD BODY!

IT'S THE THING IN THE BARRED ROOM"- HARPER EXPLAINED. "WE'VE HAD THE CARE OF IT THESE EIGHT AND TWENTY YEARS, AND WE'VE ALWAYS FEARED THAT IT MIGHT BREAK OUT. IT NEVER GAVE US MUCH TROUBLE AS LONG AS WE KEPT IT WELL-FED. BUT FOR THE PAST THREE NIGHTS IT HAS BEEN SCRATCHING ON THE THICK OAKEN WALL OF SIR. JOHN'S CHAMBER. SIR JOHN THOUGHT IT KNEW HE WAS GOING TO DIE, AND THAT IT WANTED TO REACH HIS BODY- BEING HUNGRY FOR OTHER FOOD THAN WE HAD GIVEN IT. THAT'S WHY WE MUST GUARD HIM CLOSELY TONIGHT MR. CHADBRAVE I PRAY TO GOD THAT THE WALL WILL HOLD; BUT THE THING KEEPS CLAWING AND CLAWING LIKE A DEMON AND I DO NOT LIKE THE HOLLOWNESS OF THE SOUND - AS IF THE WALLS WERE GETTING THIN."

HARPER AND I SEATED OURSELVES BETWEEN THE DEATHBED AND THE WALL OF BLACKISH WOOD FROM WHICH THE CEASELESS CLAWING SOUND APPEARED TO ISSUE. IN TACT SILENCE WITH DRAWN AND COCKED REVOLVERS WE BEGAN OUR VIGIL. THE NIGHT WORE ON, LIKE THE FLOWING OF A DARK SLUGGISH STREAM. I HAD GROWN SO ACCUSTOMED TO THE CLAWING NOISE, AND THE SOUND HAD GONE ON SO LONG, THAT I DEEMED ITS EVERGROWING SHARPNESS AND HOLLOWNESS A MERE HALLUCINATION; AND SO IT WAS THAT OUR VIGIL CAME WITHOUT APPARENT WARNING.

SUDDENLY AS I STARED AT THE WALL, I HEARD A HARSH, SPLINTERING SOUND, AND SAW THAT A NARROW STRIP HAD BROKEN LOOSE. THEN A LARGE SEMICIRCULAR PORTION FELL AWAY.

MERCIFULLY, PERHAPS, I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO RECALL WITH DISTINCTNESS THE HELLISH THING THAT ISSUED FROM THE PANEL.

THE VISUAL SHOCK, BY ITS OWN EXCESS OF HORROR, HAS ALMOST BLOTTED THE DETAILS FROM MEMORY"

I HAVE, HOWEVER, THE BLURRED IMPRESSION OF A HUGE, WHITISH HAIRLESS, AND SEMI-QUADRUPED BODY, OF CANINE TEETH IN A HALF HUMAN FACE, AND LONG HYENA NAILS AT THE END OF FOREARMS THAT WERE BOTH ARMS AND LEGS.

AND THEN WITH A SINGLE NIGHTMARE LEAP THE THING WAS UPON US.....

I HEARD THE STACCATO CRACK OF HARPERS REVOLVER. BUT THERE WAS ONLY A RUSTY CLICK FROM MY OWN WEAPON - IT HAD MISFIRED. BEFORE I COULD PRESS THE TRIGGER, AGAIN,

I WAS HURLED TO THE FLOOR - STRIKING MY HEAD AGAINST THE TABLE.

A BLACK CURTAIN SPANGLED WITH MANY FIRES, FELL UPON ME.. THEN THE FIRES WENT OUT AND THERE WAS ONLY DARKNESS

AGAIN SLOWLY, I WAS AWAKENED BY THE ACRID ODOR OF BURNING CLOTH. I WAS SURROUNDED BY A SLOW CIRCLE OF FLAME. CAUSED BY THE CANDLES BEING HURLED TO THE FLOOR BY THE OPEN DOOR LAY A MORNING HARPER.. I TURNED TO THE BED WHERE THE BURNING BODY OF SIR JOHN SICKENED MY EYES. ALL TOO TARDILY HAD THE MONSTER BEEN FRIGHTENED AWAY BY THE FIRE...

THERE IS LITTLE MORE TO TELL.. AS I REELED FROM THE ROOM WITH HARPER IN MY ARMS I SAW THAT THE BED HAD BECOME A MASS OF MOUNTING FLAMES. THE UNHAPPY BARONET HAD FOUND IN HIS OWN BEDCHAMBER THE FUNERAL PYRE FOR WHICH HE HAD LONGED.

IT WAS NEARLY DAWN WHEN WE EMERGED FROM THE DOOMED MANOR-HOUSE

IN THE COMBINED LIGHT OF THE FIRE LESS DAWN, WE SAW AT OUR FEET THE SEMI-HUMAN FOOTPRINTS THAT HAD BEEN TRODDEN FRESHLY IN THE RAIN-WET SOIL.

THEY LEAD TO THE HEATH CLAD HILL THAT ROSE BEHIND THE MANOR...

TREMLITH.

STILL WE FOLLOWED THE STEPS, THEY LED TO THE ANCIENT FAMILY VAULTS - THE LOCK HAD BEEN SHATTERED

WE SEARCHED THE VAULTS WEAPONLESS AND TO NO AVAIL. THE THING WE SOUGHT HAD VANISHED UTTERLY.

AT LAST WE RETURNED TO THE ENTRANCE. HARPER SPOKE FOR THE FIRST TIME

"MANY YEARS AGO - SOON AFTER LADY AGATHA'S DEATH SIR JOHN AND I SEARCHED THE VAULTS FROM END TO END; BUT WE FOUND NO TRACE OF THE THING WE SUSPECTED. NOW, AS THEN IT IS USELESS TO SEEK. THERE ARE MYSTERIES WHICH, GOD HELP, WILL NEVER BE FATHOMED. WE KNOW ONLY THAT THE OFF-SPRING OF THE VAULTS HAS GONE BACK TO THE VAULTS. - THERE MAY IT REMAIN!"

SILENTLY IN MY SHAKEN HEART I ECHOED HIS LAST WORDS AND HIS WISH.

"WELL THAT SETTLES IT FOR ME, WHEN I FINALLY GO, I'M GONNA BE DONE GRILLED MEDIUM RARE... MAKE NO BONES ABOUT IT. CREMATION IS CERTAINLY BETTER THAN BEING -GHOULD FOR NOTHING HE! HE!"

-END

BLACK MAIL

James W. Taylor of Edinburgh.

'Abduction' is a fair scenario except the section on Local Gossip. Surely nobody would glibly talk about an 'evil rat-like creature', that's been running about. Anyone who mentioned this would have to be treated with scepticism by the rest of the town.

(Having read all the HPL tales set in Arkham, I seem to have gathered a different pictue. Arkham, crawls with rumours, legends and gossip of monsters, witches and demons, witness the following excerpt from 'Dreams in the Witch-House' the tale upon which I based my scenario.
"When he heard the hushed Arkham whispers...about the irregular human toothmarks left on certain sleepers in that (the Witch-House) and other houses, about the childish cries heard near May eve, and Hallowmass, about the stench often noted in the old house's dark attic....and about the small, furry, sharp toothed thing (a familiar of the witch Keziah Mason) which haunted the moldering structure.."
These rumours are overheard by Walter Gilman after a couple of nights brief stay in Arkham, and he wasn't even enquiring about strange incidents! many other tales also give accounts of gossip concerning such monsterous happenings - clearly Arkham folk do talk of such things.)

In your 'Mythos Hierarchy' article, you claim that the Other Gods rebelled against the rule of the Elder Gods. As Peterson says in the Intro. to CoC, that idea does not appear in any of Lovecraft's work, but was added by later contributors.

(It depends how you take Peterson's statement as to whether or not the idea, occurs in any of Lovecraft's works, if you bother to read the 'Shadow Out of Space' a collaboration between Lovecraft and Derleth, you will find immense references to the wars between the Elder and Other Gods, for instance:-
"When the Ancient Ones..Hastur..Cthulhu..Nyarathotep..Azathoth...Yog-Sothoth and all their terrible progeny - escaped their bondage and joined again in titanic battle with the Elder Gods..." There are much lengthier descriptions of these wars in this same tale. Even so, just because Lovecraft failed to write or invent certain ideas for the Mythos, it doesn't mean that I ignore all other contributors efforts. For the record these wars were added to the pantheon by Mark Schorer and Derleth in the tale 'Lair of the Star-Spawn' in 1932, certainly HPL didn't raise any objections.)

I am concerned about the way you talk about new contributions to the Mythos, 'be the dieties the product of a schoolboy's essay' You seem to be fostering an un-critical view of any creature claimed to be a part of the Mythos. Speaking as someone who doesn't use Ghasts, Gugs or Moon Beasts from Cthulhu Companion because they strike me as pointless creations which add nothing new to the game, this apparant attitude worries me.

(What apparant attitude worries you, the fact that Chaosium decide to provide fresh additions to the rules and alternative monsters for Keepers who could use new monsters or the fact that I fail to condemn schoolboys from contributing to the mythos? Clearly schoolboys can write excellent Mythos additions, witness Bloch's 'Shambler from the Stars', 'The Grinning Ghoul' and 'Shadow from the Steeple' Bloch wrote these when aged only 18 (he was a regualar 'friend' and correspondant of HPL when aged only 13!) just because the writer is a schoolboy doesn't mean that he can't write sound mythos creations, I have several contributors to DAGON who are still at school and though the english may be a little poor in places, their work clearly shows that they can write original and fresh Mythos tales. If HPL had taken the same views as youself, failing to encourage such people as Bloch, Heald, etc. we would be left with a much thinner Mythos than we have now, indeed it would not be so coherant or 'meaty'. For the record it was HPL who invented the Ghasts and Gugs (The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath) and not Chaosium, I find it quite strange that a reader of DAGON can find a Lovecraft invention 'pointless'.)

I prefer the idea that the Other Gods are not evil, in that they have specific aims against humanity, but are simply disinterested in our welfare. If humans are worth exploiting, exploit them; otherwise ignore them unless they get in the way. This I feel is more the spirit of what Lovecraft intended; his horror came from the in-significance of humanity in his best stories.

(Come off it, surely you don't believe that Lovecraft envisioned Yog-Sothoth, Nyarlathotep, et al. as ne utral dieties! HPL constantly described the hideous acts of evil and their foul ways in his Mythos tales, witness 'The Dunwich Horror', 'The Haunter of the Dark', 'Call of Cthulhu' etc., etc. Mankind is constantly abused by these dreadful beings to the creatures own ends. Either you have got the Other Gods muddled up with the Elder Gods, (whom I believe would fit your description), or have failed to read Lovecraft's Mythos tales. You then go on to contradict yourself by saying that you feel the horror of HPL's tales comes from the insignificance of humanity to these monsterous dieties. Exactly! The mere thought of human life as being worthless to these Other Gods proves them to be utterly EVIL!)

Alan Jeffrey, Glasgow.

(Referring to 'Abduction') I noticed the interesting stat. for Anita Fellows: Con 9, Siz. 10, Con Pts 11, How come? I notice that you're still using Con Pts rather than Hit Pts. Hit Pts being Con + Siz ÷ 2 seems a much better idea, otherwise a healthy squirrel can absorb more damage than a weedy mega elephant. The other solution is of course to increase the Con. of big creatures, but that has an effect on disease catching It makes the Siz. pretty pointless as well.

(When I write up the stats. for NPC types, I must confess I never do use the rules, I prefer to have my characters represent how I feel they would be. Fellows I decided would have medium stats and a little more Con Pts. After all, as the central opposition in the scenario, I d dn't really want her killed by something as simple as a good kick! As far as using Hit Points goes, I now do! but when I originally wrote the scenario only the original rules existed, and I neglected to update them, sorry. I will in future use the new rules, which I admit are much of an improvement on the old ones.)

Andy Bennison, Preston.

'The Mythos Hierarchy' was a very useful essay, especially for players new to HPL and the Mythos. I'm glad that you treated Nightgaunts properly.

(Thanks, It may seem a little bit of a contradiction what with having Nightgaunts as servitors of Deep Ones in this issues scenario - Fenland Fog. But I feel that the Nightgaunts may be used in this way, seeing as the Tenbys have to 'Bind' and 'Summon' them, I do not feel that these creatures are being used incorrectly.)

I'm afraid that I wasn't overly impressed by 'Tramps and Beggars' it reminded me too much of the 'encounter and reaction' tables that used to be so prevelent in the early D&D fanzines.

Alan Jeffrey, Glasgow .

I feel that the 'Tramps' article wouldn't be terribly useful, if a GM is good enough with descriptions to make playing CoC at all pleasureable, then s/he can probably make up a beggar on the spur of the moment without tables. It also seems against the spirit of the Mythos to have a Lovecraft intellectual upper-class snob hero hitting the grimey back alleys for information.

(The whole idea of the 'Beggars and Tramps' was to provide an alternative NPC type to the ones contained within the rulesbooks, I do not feel that they are particularly out of place in the mythos, since Lovecraft used many of them in his tales, most notably 'Zadok Allen' in 'The Shadow over Innsmouth'. Surely not all characters for CoC are 'upper class snobs'! - I have a couple of working class chars. and even a gangster type).

I.J. Wallace, Droit. Worcs.

Hel. Heloym. Sother Emmanvel. Sabboth. Agla. Tetregrammaton. Agxros. Otheos. Ischxros. Athanatos. Iehova. Va. Adonai. Saday. Homovsion Messias. Eschereheye!

(Yes, well, there will be someone coming to see you in the morning, Mr. Wallace).

Mark Morrison, Victoria, Australia.

I get up in the middle of the night
I hide behind tombs and I give people frights
Don't you know I gotta be in bed by the sun
'Cos ghouls just wanna have fun..... - Cyndi Lurker.

(C.T.F. - and where might I ask did they let you escape from??).

STREET TALK

(c) Carl T. Ford 85.

In the underworld zones of backstreet America in the 20's, slang or 'street talk' was a commonly heard language form. Shocking in places, the street talk, developed amongst the low-lifes and gangsters until it reached a vocabulary of several thousand examples of alternative slang. These words could be heard in bars, brothels and gambling dens as well as in the homes of many of the working class. Gangsters would often use the 'street talk' to discuss confidential information, concerning crime or tip-offs. Here is an example of the street talk language, which to the uneducated could sound complete garbage....

"Hey, bar-fly, I hear you've been digging dirt about me and Joey, well that's just a load of boz-woz! So if I were you I'd take back them dibs and dig out, before I decide to play you a tune on this here devil's piano...."

Get my drift?

In order for investigators (especially when undercover) to successfully learn all those back street clues, they would have to become learned in the language of the street talk. Mingleing with gangsters and other underworld specimens could bring to fruitation many little unknown facts concerning cultists and criminals, which could in turn lead to their diabolical plans being thwarted.

Learning the 'Street Talk': This language can be picked up by investigators wishing to move amongst underground or indeed underworld agents. For every day spent amongst the street life, the investigator will pick up 1D6 points of 'Street Talk' language. As this language is only a form of slang, investigators are advised to only use the street talk when 'on the streets' and not in the company of family, employers and, god forbid, aristocracy! However, becoming too learned in the language of the low-lifes does have its disadvantages. Any investigator with a 'Street Talk' ability of over 70% may start to use the language, in 'un-called for' situations, i.e. at home, whilst talking to the upper class etc. The mere mention of a 'street term' amongst the upper classes will immediately make the investigator prone to suspicion, if indeed he is trying to mingle with the aristocracy, as one of their own type! Dis-trust and immediate dislike are just two of the possible outcomes of this situation. Keepers are at liberty to use their own ideas, if this situation occurs.

Advantages of 'Street Talk': It is important for investigators to be able to mix with all types of people, for reasons described previously. If investigators are not wise in the language of street talk, gangsters and the like would become uneasy in the investigators presence, choosing to keep quite about that little bit of information, which could lead to the blasting open of the lid to a complex murder case. The crook could become suspicious of the investigator, seeing as he 'talks strangely' and may suspect the investigator as being an undercover policeman. A command of the street talk would help extinguish all doubts, and the investigator could easily persuade the gangster that in fact he is just another low-life.

Below is a table with appropriate modifiers, detailing the results of an investigator using a successful knowledge of the street talk:

Dice Roll	Result.
0-10	The investigator succeeds easily (?) the gangster/low life is convinced that the investigator is another gangster/lowlife. He tells the whole story, and will help with any news.
10-20	The gangster believes the investigator, but will hold back any info. that may lead to reprisals upon himself.
20-35	The gangster trusts the investigator, but will not reveal any info. which connects himself or 'friends' to the events in question.
36-50	The gangster believes the investigator to be what he says, but keeps his mouth shut!
51-60	Is not too sure, what too think, will not take the investigator into his confidence.
61-75	Distrusts the investigator, seems a bit too smart talking, ignores the investigator.
76-85	Distrusts greatly, tells his spies to find out what they can about the investigator, awaits a full report!
86-100	The investigator sticks out like a sore thumb, he better keep his nose clean or else he might find himself dead down a darkened alleyway!!!!

Note that this table, is a result of a successful street talk roll, and the dice roll applies to a subsequent roll, for these reasons an investigator with a 'Street Talk' ability of 100% still has a healthy chance of failing to communicate with the low-life. Keepers may modify to suit the game, for instance if the person being questioned is merely an old alcoholic or punk. Obviously he or she would not bother to 'send out spies' to keep an eye on the investigator, however, they may decide to throw a punch or even result to pulling a knife!

I hope these few examples show, that mixing with the gangsters world is not to be taken lightly, I hate to imagine what the result of an investigator asking a fairly well established gangland boss, 'Who killed Dave Carson?' when he doesn't even know any 'street talk' - either the gangster will laugh and tell the sucker to get lossed, or he will draw his gun..... a dangerous pastime for investigators, indeed.

Alternative ways of learning the Street Talk: Apart from mixing with the undesirables, investigators may learn 'Street Talk' by police training, or simply by chance of their up-bringing.

Police training incorporating the drugs divisions, prostitution busting and any other undercover police work, will bring along its fair share of 'Street Talk'. For every 24 hours spent working with the police in one of these divisions, the investigator will learn 1D8 points of the Street Talk, language. An investigator working on the drugs squad may come away after his police training with a 100% knowledge of the Street Talk.

Alternatively, the investigator may learn Street Talk if he has lived in the ghetto areas of such towns as New York, Chicago, New Orleans etc. Naturally this will depend on the up-bringing of the investigator.
To see whether the investigator was, raised in the slums of the town, roll a D4, a 1 means that he was and an additional 1D10 'Street Talk' language ability is the result. (Let's not have any rural upbringing investigators, having a starting ability of 10pts. of Street Talk eh. and this applies to investigators with wealthy parentage, - lets face it, no parent with some 50,000 dollars is going to bring their kid up in the Bronx are they?).

Below I have listed an A-Z of some 'Street Talk' examples, I hope that these will give you a few ideas for game situations, as well as some amusement. All of the words that follow are genuine examples of the language used by the underworld in the 1920's many are not so common today. These words are American in origin, and I doubt whether they were used abroad. I hope that they can lend themselves to existing campaigns.

Art, n. Photographs of wanted criminals.
Badger game, n. The method of blackmailing a male, wherby a female accomplice of the blackmailer entices the victim, into a compromising sexual situation, at which point the blackmailer enters and threatens exposure of the man, unless the money is paid.
Candy Kid. A flashy dresses person; a dude, or a ladies man.
Can-house, n. A brothel
Devil's piano, the. n. A machine gun.
Elbow, n. A policeman or detective.
Finger man, n. A policeman or police informer.
Gap jap, n. the mouth or, to witness a crime and not taking part.
Hatchet-man, n. A professional gunman. 1925, successor to the old time 'Hatchet-Killer'.
Ivory dome, n. A stupid person, a bone head.
Jail-bird, n. A convicted criminal; an ex-convict; a prisoner or ex-prisoner.
Kangaroo, v.t. To covict a person with false evidence.
Leg man, n. A newpaper reporter who goes to the scene to gather evidence, which may have been written by somebody else.
Maggie, n. An automatic revolver.
Nut-house, n. the Asylum, the looney-bin.
Oil (someones) palm, to. To Bribe, to grease.
Pack-rat, n. A petty thief; a stranger who cannot be trusted

Quiff, n. Money or; a cheap prostitute; or a girl who will join in with sexual intercourse with little or no persuasion. Underworld use since 1925.
Real-McCoy, the. n. Genuine un-cut whiskey or liquor; something that is genuine.
Scatter-gun, n. A shotgun occassionally produced by tenderfoots, loaded with nails and buckshot.
Tenderloin, n. Any section or district of a city that is the centre of the nightlife, an area where there lies the greatest opportunity for graft by corrupt police.
Ten-minute man, n. A go getter, a fast talker...(had to put that one in!)
Under the Table, to involve illegal or unethical payment of bribes. Derived from the notion of passing bribe money 'under the table'.
Vacation, n. A prison sentance.
Wake-up, n. The very last day of a prison sentance.
Weasel, n. An informer or a sneak who courts superiors. (use from 1925 on).
X, n. a signature colloq. An unknown person who wishes to conceal his or her identity; a criminal boss; Mr. Big.
XX, to doublecross. example:- "I know you gave me the XX...." O'Hara, Pal Joey, 64.
Yen-yen, n. A strong craving for narcotic drugs.
Zap, v.t. To kill someone.

Further examples of Street Talk can be learned from the 'Dictionary of American Slang' compiled by Harold Wentworth PhD. and published by George G. Harrap & Co. Ltd. Check out your library use, eh!

By the way, whilst I was compiling the above list I noticed that the popular 1920's term 'Tin-Lizzie' derived from a description given to early 1917 Ford cars, but this doesn't give you smartasses a licence to address the Dagon mail to Mr. Tin-Lizzie, o.k. (By the way the pun was unintentional).

CoC Miniatures

There are now several figure manufacturers cashing in on the boom of 'Call of Cthulhu' and producing ranges of figures to cater for the needs of the CoC player who likes to add to the visual aspect of the game. Out now, is an excellent range of 'Cthulhu' miniatures in 25mm from Grenadier. These come in blister packs of 3 figures, which retail at £1.50 a pack. The range comprises of a set of excellent ghouls, which are designed in the same way as those 'dog faced' beings from the Mythos tales, police armed with the usual array of 20's firearms, a set of adventurers which comprises of a female with pistol, Sherlock Holmes look-alike and professor type, Shoggoth/ghost set (which I feel could have been much better), and a set of villian types which includes an excellent Fu Manchu type, skinny madman, and fat occultist type holding what looks like a bird?. At 50p a piece they are, as is the case of most figures a little pricey, but nevertheless are an attractive addition to CoC adventuring.

The other range of figures suitable for CoC are those manufactured by HEROES miniatures, who have just released a new range of adventurers in 20's garb. They are;-

GH31 Scientist, GH32 Female in Coat, GH33 Female in Eve. Dress, GH34 Priest, GH35 Male in Jumper, GH36 Female in Long Dress, GH37 Man Made Monster,(50p), GH38 Henchman firing pistol, GH39 Masked Henchman holding Rifle, GH40 Heroic Aviator (complete with Biggles type flying scarf). All these cost 45p unless where stated. These figures are slightly larger than the Grenadier range and once painted look excellent, Heroes also have a new Equipment range out which cost 6p each they are, Skull, Severed Hand, Head, Open Spell Book (The Necronomicon??), Walking Stick and Fire Axe, while I can't think where you would need a walking stick I would nevertheless recommend this great range. Oh yeah don't forget to order GH22 'The Skylord' this costs 90p and is the spitting image of Cthulhu himself with bat-wings, tentacled head etc. By the way, Rob Marriott tells me that any ideas you Cthuloids have for improving the range would be very welcome, so when you order (I think you won't be disappointed) tell him your creepy suggestions. How about some of the 'Great Race of Yith' Rob, see the book for details.

HEROES MINIATURES 7, Waverley Place, Worksop, Notts. Tel: (0909) 476128.

By the way a catalogue of Heroes full range can be got for 50p includes many, other designs for FRP figures.

JINX

by S. Nicholson.

"Damn!"

Vernier rammed on the brakes and jumped out. Bloody Cat. It looked dead, or as good as. Picking it up clumsily by the cleaner parts of it's sable fur, he lobbed it to the roadside, where it lay like a discarded glove.

Time! He glanced at his watch; three minutes and nineteen seconds past two o'clock, in swiss, gold-plated luxury. Still late.

Jumping into his car Vernier slammed the door and sped off down the country lane, like a cat out of hell.

He reached his office by three o'clock, pausing only to reprimand his secretary and grab his dossier: then a sprint to the boardroom whilst cursing the lift which, Vernier suspected, had malfunctioned on purpose to make him one minute and twenty three seconds extra-late. Not only that, but he had collided with some blind fool on the stairs, resulting in a scattered, dirty dossier.

As he eased his Jaguar into the garage at the end of the day, Vernier wondered why so many bad things had happened to him. A bad day.

And getting worse! Two yeelow-green eyes shone from the shadows at the back of the garage. The black slits regarded him with an age-old curiosity, as Vernier approached. "Out, damn cat, before I strangle your moth-eaten.... Where are you, you stupid animal?"

Vernier searched through the paint tins and boxes for ten minutes before giving in to the explanation that it must have slipped past him, as he had blinked. The only explanation.

If his day had been bad, then his night was terrible. Vernier's sleep was limited by the fact that the local tabbies were fighting and sceeching outside his window. Eventually he went outside to scare them off, but they had already fled. He cursed as a clammy dampness penetrated his slippers on the doorstep and, looking down saw a broken milkbottle, its contents seeping through the expensive lining of his footwear.

Vernier turned to go inside, but his eyes glanced the sight of something that froze his spine:

On the front door were the many scratches of what must have been some large animal's. cruelly sharp claws, forming the shape of a 'V'.

The icy trickle of fear slithered down the back of his neck, raising the hairs, and steaming with clammy sweat. Vernier's weak heart pounded hard and fast as he fought off irrational thoughts, thoughts that would make him run to the nearest church and repent if his mind followed them. Surely he told himself, Robert Vernier does not think that....

He had definately heard a growl behind him. His head would not turn. Fear and disbelief enveloped him, his hair neck prickled and quivered. Imagination, lack of sleep the words screamed inside him, but still he did not blame them.

He turned his head! What he saw was like the memory of a dream, unclear and unreal, but nevertheless there, horribly there. Two huge yellow orbs, slitted black claw, set in felt-blackness above a slavering, thirsty mouth....

The next he knew he was inside the hall, leaning against the door and panting heavily. He had hurled the old boot which had been intended for the tabbies, and something had lapsed momentarilly, allowing Vernier to jump in and close the door. Best not tell Jackie. She would only worry, as all wives do, but she would of course disbelieve him and worry about his sanity. Or perhaps even worse, quote his violent family history.

Even the little sleep that he did manage to grab that night was troubled. He dreamt of a car, bearing down on him on some dark road, headlights gleaming. As it drew closer, the car's features faded except the headlights which turned green-yellow and grew dark, black slits...

Then he was floating in shadow, hovering above a crumbled black lump with reddedned splotches From the shape grew a woman, reminiscent of his own family, facially, and additionally conjuring memories of his mad, criminal grandfather.

The woman stretched out her arms and Vernier saw that she held a cat. A very beautiful, very dead cat!

"Vernier", she whispered, hissing slightly. "Vernier, you destroyed your grandfathers books when he died. Now we are trapped, and we see your soul, knowest thou thy folly.

There is but one path for us, now we are eight: The Old Ones curse you! Nyarlathotep! Revenge! You shall die at midnight tomorrow, Vernier!"

At eight forty five am, Robert Vernier stumbled from his front door and towards the garage. Halfway down the path, he stooped to pick up a brown leather object. The remnants of the old boot, tattered and shredded beyond easy recognition. Large teeth marks adorned the thick sole, now no longer so thick. Vernier disgarded it and continued on his way to the car.

"I am not mad", he shouted within himself, "this is not happening!
Somehow he wasn't convinced.

Vernier arrived home that evening at half past five. He poked at the meal his wife had prepared, but ate little.

"You're not looking well", said Jackie, "and you know what Dr. Benning said about your heart and overwork. Take your tablets, then you can have an early night and..."

"No!" shouted Vernier, almost overturning his plate. The mental maelstrom passed swiftly when he saw the fear in Jackie's eyes, and he added an apology in a croaking voice.

After inadequate explanation, Vernier retired to the spare room and locked the door. He checked, sealed and rechecked the windows, then sat down in a large chair with his back to the wall, staring at the small mantle-clock opposite. He tried to read, but always his eyes were drawn to and transfixed by the clock, where seconds flowed into minutes, and eventually hours. Vernier broke out in a cold sweat, but still he sat watching the clock as time, perhaps his life, ebbed away.

Eleven fifty-six pm.

"This isn't true, I can't be serious, this couldn't possibly..."

Vernier babbled, shouted, screamed inside, but nobody was listening. Thirty seconds to go. His heart was pumping so fast, he thougnt it would burst from his chest. Twenty seconds.

"Too fast, too fast, mercy! Mercy!" he babbled, now like a fool, closing his eyes. If the end came he would not watch it, but still he counted the clockwork death-tick. Five, four, three....

"No, please, NO!"

....two, one....Nothing. He opened his eyes and stared at the clock. Nothing. It had gone past midnight. Ha! What a fool, he told himself. He had been safe all along. He had cheated death. Now he was safe.

Two men carried a stretcher out of the house and placed it in the ambulance. Dr. Bennings followed them out and walked over to Inspector Armworth.

"Heart attack", Dr. Bennings told him, trying to ignore the flashing blue lights around him.

"All too common in these overworking executive types. Apparently his wife remembered that all the clocks go back one hour tonight, started to change them, went upstairs, and found the door locked.

That expression on his face though....he must have been in great pain at the end. You can even see the scratchmarks he made on the door".

The End.

MORE R'LYEH RELEASES....

'Masks of Nyarlathotep' is still due from the U.S. at the time of printing this, an investigator tells me it's a nice big boxed set, but as with all 'nice big boxed sets' comes nice big prices £20-£25??

WD 66 features 'The Horse of the Invisible' CoC scenario based on William Hope Hodgson's tale. 'very atmospheric, with several neat plot twists'.

ZINE PLUG.... 'BLOOD GUTS & BEER' issue 3 inc. Chat, news, reviews, Don Turnball on Magic, AD&D scenario, Lettercol, article on comix, and more. Price 50p from Baz Atkins, 3 Pembroke Crescent, HOVE, sussex BN3 5DH.

GamesFair '85

The annual 'Games Fair' event at Reading was held in the last weekend of March, I decided to pop along, to catch up with the latest news and chat amongst hobbyists and Cthuloids. I must say, that the event turned out to be quite unexpected and culminated with me actually participating in several games, something of a rarity for me at these events.

Friday morning saw me arriving in the 'Games Hall' and glancing at the noticeboard for clues conserning the whereabouts of possible contacts. I spotted one in the horrendous guise of one Peter Blanchard busy running a 'Toon' adventure, which I unless I knew better, could have sworn was being refereed by a very talkative woman. After being gently persuaded to purchase a copy of 'Monsterous Perversion', I disappeared into the bar. Which monstrosities lurked in this corner of the campus, was left for me to discover, there in the centre was the editor/'elite' table, I could tell by the fact that the 'shorts' glasses by far outnumbered the 'pints'.

The rest of the bar was filled with such notable celebrities as Turnball, Cockburn and the rest of the 'Imagine' team. No sign of a mass crowd, gathered around one table, obviously Gygax wasn't there, yet!

Afterwards I returned to the Games Hall, where the usual plethora of irvines were busy running through dragons with + billion dragon destroyers, aarrgghh must get out quickly. A quick meander amongst the arcade games, nope noone there, I'll try and flog some Dagon's then, back to the hall, I decided to set up stall, selling a few zines before being politely tapped on the shoulder by a lady (I don't mean that to sound sexist) and told that Trevor Mendham was setting up the 'Unofficial Fanzine Stand' in the Coffee Hall, needless to say I was on the move again. Arrival at the stand proved to hold no shocks, - the fanzines were left unattended on a table with Mendham and his chums, drinking in the bar, leaving the zines free for the perusal or taking by gamers. (They will be a few angry editors waiting for Mendham, when he gets back I thought). A couple of turns later I returned to find the Trevor Mendham appreciation society gathered in the coffee bar once more, as usual Trevor was being his usual generous self, and announcing "everything is free". I saw one bloke eagerly fill his bag with a handful of zines (which shall remain nameless, so as not to cause Mr Mendham further embarrasement).

The coffee bar soon began to fill with more editors, ranging from Paul Mason and what looked liked several hundred 'Imazine's, to Jez Keen (come off it you must know who he is!). I must say the zine stand looked quite anarchic, nothing out of the ordinary there, methinks. I gained a couple of new trades, and had a chat with a few editors readying myself for the insult session at 8.00 pm (aka Gygax Seminar).

By 6.30 everyone knew Gygax wasn't going to turn up, TSR problems in the U.S. no doubt. So we had to make do with the witty and often repetative Mr. Turnball, he obviously got off lightly, due to the fact that the big insults had all been prepared for G.G. and noone had enough time to rephrase them politely enough to the much liked and loved Don. No news here, that can't be found in'School for Scandal' (or is that Scanal?). The evening (at least I think it was Friday) was rounded off with my participation in a 'Toon' scenario run by a drunken Trevor Mendham, as expected no rules were evident.

I decided that I would add further insanity to the weekend, with a playtesting of 'Fenland Fog' to a few Cthulhoid freaks, the game run smoothly and I was pleasantly surprised to see that the excellent research by Steve Wand paid off. The investigators lost unfortunately several falling prey to a hungry Shoggoth and the remainder being arrested by the local police on suspicion of arson. (That will teach them to set fire to horrendous tapestries). Though I enjoyed it, the investigators seemed a little pissed off, for failing to discover exactly who or what was behind the mystery.

The afternoon found me chatting to William Whyte, editor of 'Nertz' for those uneducated many. (Might I say that William is an extremely intelligent Irishman, and not the dick that you may think upon reading his utterly insane zine. The afternoon saw me persuading Jez Keen to participate in 'Fenland Fog' testing along with such maniacs as Runestone's Nick Edwards (formerly of Manic Depressive). This group of intrepid fellows played a little better, managing to wipe out the source of evil in the Lincolnshire village by a few successful dodge and idea rolls. Once again the adventure run smoothly, though the group still didn't have much idea, as to what exactly was going on. (I might add that this is how I feel CoC should be run).

A wander around the games hall where a couple of other CoC adventures were being run, most notably an adventure from 'Shadows of Yog-Sothoth' where one insane Keeper was dishing out such arcane tomes as 'Necronomicon', 'Cultes des Goules', 'Nameless Cults' and 'De Vermis Mysteriis' as if they were cups of tea. Glad I wasn't participating in that one! Saturday evening was finished with a quick game of charades, in which most of the editors and 'elite' participated in, Paul Mason added to the fallacy by suggesting that the fact that we were playing on the stairs meant that we were further demonstrating the fact that we thought we were better and higher than everyone else, and shouldn't play there. (Jokingly of course).

The final day saw me flogging off a few DAGON's to another lot of confused players, One visitor to the zine stand, kindly bought all the zines (well one copy of each) and suggested we keep the change. Being the non-capitalists that you all love to hate, we accepted. (Proceeds to the 'Dragonmeet' zine stand fund). Another quick S. Comfort and a game of 'The Fanzine Game' rounded off the weekend. I look forward to the next one and think to myself whether DAGON will still exist. I hope so!

(By the way that article was included as a spacefiller, if you found it boring, let me know).

CTHULHOID RAMBLINGS by Alan Jeffrey

What follows is a personal point of view conserning the game of CoC, which was sent to me in a LoC/CoC ramble. Some of the points are quite interesting so I have decided to print them. Naturally I do not agree with some of the points raised below, but you may find them interesting and worthwhile so without further ado.....

"CoC is a wonderful game but..."

For a kick-off, one of the main flaws of the system is its character generation rules. No matter what system you use, you end up with utter wimps. For instance, if you're an Occult reporter, delving into the mysteries of the past, you're going to spend a fair amount of time in a library. Say you make one successful journey to the library every month, and so collect an experience check in Library Use. After a few years of this, you're going to be well over 100%. An average research chemist is going to be 200%+ with Chemistry by the age of 40. Philip Marlowe must have 250% Fast Talk by now. As a result, I propose the following revolutionary CoC character generation system: Roll the Character Stats, then write values for his skills and give the final result to the Keeper to check over. Good huh?

Another subject for major change is the Combat System. There is an episode of 'Callan' where Hunter tells Callan to fire at a practice target "Five chest shots and one for the head, rapid fire". All six shots hit, and all within 4.1 secs, including the drawing of the pistol. This is, to say the least, difficult in CoC where the melee rounds seem to have been written on the assumption that all fighting takes place immersed in a vat of treacle. Instead of giving each gun a 'shots per round' stat. How about some knid of speed stat, averaging at say 2-3, so that a combatant can fire once at the beginning of a round, once on his Dex, again on Dex minus the speed of the weapon, Dex - 2 x Speed, Dex - 3 x Speed and so on. Someone with a Dex of 11, using a 3 speed pistol would fire at the start of the round, once on Dex 11, again on Dex 8, Dex 5 and finally on Dex 2. Five shots in 12 secs. does not sound appalling. Other actions could also be given a Speed rating, so as to allow quick characters more attacks than slower ones. This could easily end up with the same problem as 'Superworld', however, whose inordinately fast people can get 2-3 blows in before anyone else can react. It also begs the question of how to change the parry system to accomodate all these extra actions - perhaps using 'Stormbringer' rules which gives the first parry in a melee round full chance. The second is at -20%, the third at -30% and so on.

All of these problems are alleviated with the combat system Mark III: improvise.

Who needs melee rounds? When you're fighting you don't want to think about Dex levels and Speed ratings, you think about those devillish black claws reaching out at you, the weight of the pistol in your hand, the slimy tentacle wrapped around your leg, being dragged towards the gaping maw before you, and the red-black haze of unconsciousness as the brown stained teeth sink into your hip.

Sorry, did I say "unconsciousness"? Whoops silly me, we all know that knocking people out in CoC is impossible. The simplest way to change this is to say that once you (PT).

CTHULHOID RAMBLINGS (continued).

take ½ your Hit Points, you are out for a couple of minutes (about 4D6 - remaining Hit Points x melee rounds, seems about right). Down to Zero Hit Points, means that you are out for hours, even days. And once you have taken twice your Hit Points, you are dead.

And finally, Sanity Rules. There's only one major change needed here - to throw out all the insanity section of the rulesbook.

Ah! there we go. Much better now. No more dice-rolling and table referring upon being confronted with eldritch horrors from beyond the pit - just Keeper/Player interaction.

CTF - Well I must say, that article above, certainly raised a few eyebrows, I must disagree with the suggestion of throwing out the insanity rules section, this to my mind helps make CoC the classic it is, and encourages investigators to steer clear of all those arcane tomes, spells and creatures that in most other games players would be only too eager to confront.

If you have any views, which you feel concerned about within the CoC rules, then do send your ideas in, published views (if of reasonable length) will get you a free copy of DAGON. I look forward to hearing your 'Cthulhoid Ramblings'.

Ah! the end of issue seven approaches I must say that I am very pleased with this issue, let me know if you like the new format. Remember to keep your articles and artwork coming in. All published material gets you a free copy of DAGON.

Thanks this issue go to:- All of those ghouls whose terrifying claws helped form this loathsome issue, Marc Gascoigne, Imagine magazine, Josh Pinto, Mom (for coping with the post etc.), BBC and ITV for the recent broadcasting of 'Hammer' films, all those Fungi from Yuggoth who bought this issue and Games Workshoggoth (if they ever get round to paying the money they owe me!) oh yeah - and also Heroes Miniatures.

"DAGON WANTS YOU"

The slimey staff contributing to this issue were:-

Carl Ford, Editor and writer.
Stephen Wand, scenario.
Peter F. Jeffery, Simon Nicholson, Andy Bennison, writers.
Alan Jeffrey and Marc Gascoigne for their Cthulhoid ramblings and Nick Basi, J.D. Cadera Gareth Jackson, Mark Carter, art.

Next issue:- 'The Legacy of Arthur Nye' CoC scenario set in the errie swamps of Louisiana. 'Computerising Cthulhu', Cthuloid news, arcane tomes and much more creepy stuff from the vaults of blackest evil..

A 6 issue subscription costs £5.00 DAGON is published bi-monthly. It looks as though their may be a decrease in price from next issue, so subbers may get 7 issues to their sub. Good eh!

And finally a joke from Bruce Humphreys.

Q: what do you get if you feed an elf to a Shoggoth?
A: Mild, green, fairy liquid. (lose 1d6 San)

All correspondence, articles, subs should be sent to:-

CARL FORD, 11 WARWICK ROAD, TWICKENHAM, MIDDLESEX TW2 6SW.